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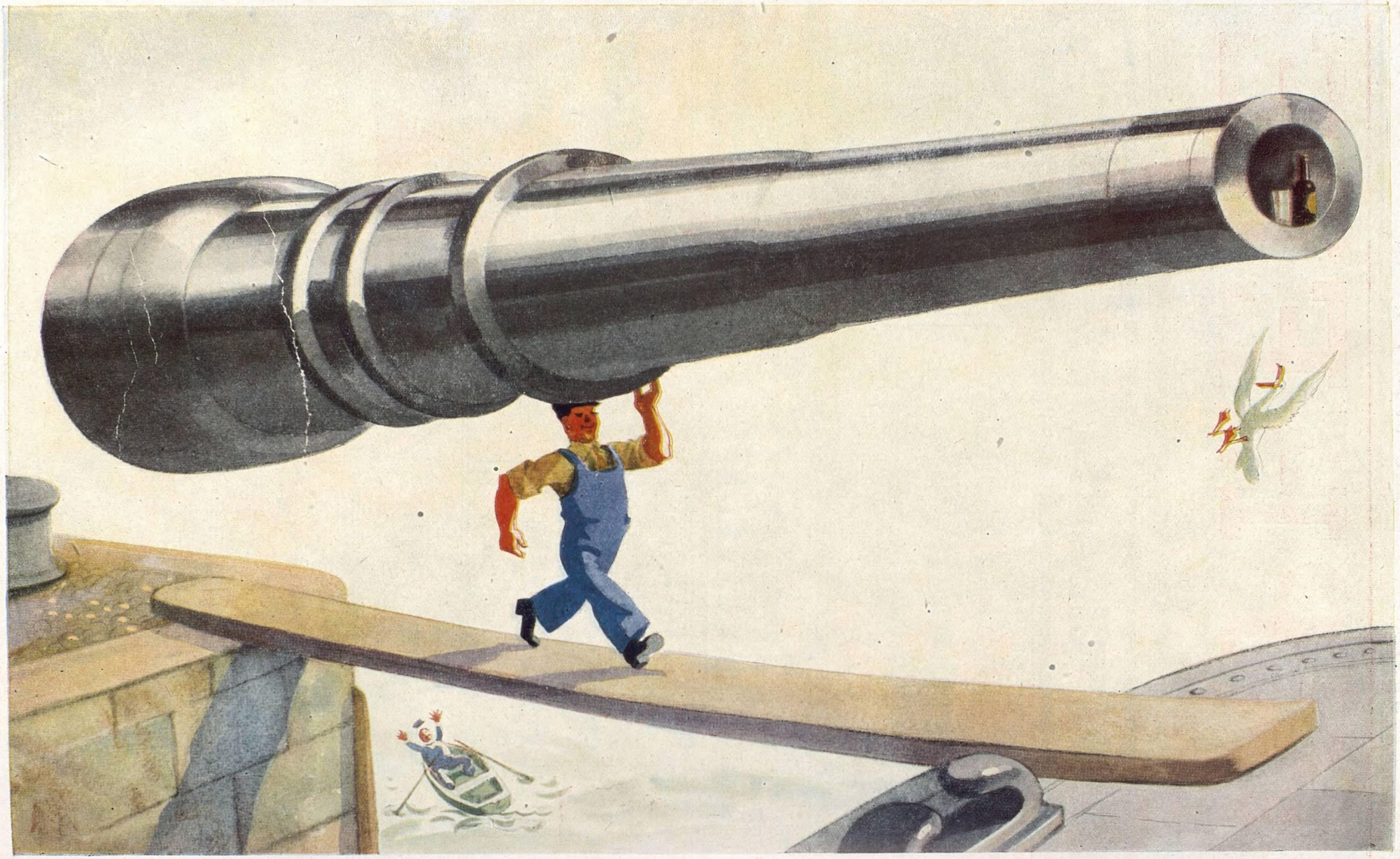

Drawing by J. Gilroy

G.E.1133

GUINNESS FOR STRENGTH

Volume CLXXIV No. 2276 The SPHERE, London, September 4, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE CENTRE OF BERLIN ABLAZE AFTER THE GREAT R.A.F. RAID ON AUGUST 23. This picture was taken eight hours after the attack, and shows the fires still burning in the city's heart under a great pall of smoke

The R.A.F. pilot of a British reconnaissance aircraft took this picture eight hours after the great assault by Bomber Command on the night of August 23-24. He reported that he had to fly over the capital for twenty minutes before he could find a gap in the smoke-blanket covering the city from the many fires started by the bombers. In this picture certain distinctive features may be picked out, however. At the spot marked **2** is the Augusta Viktoria Platz, whence begins the great thoroughfare (marked **1** above) known as the Kurfurstendamm. This is in the very heart of modern Berlin and may be described as the Piccadilly of the German capital. It is an imposing avenue lined with big buildings and stores and cafés, and one of the chief centres of the city's life. The Wilmersdorf area, an important and fast-growing suburb, lies towards the bottom of the picture. Preliminary reports by Air Ministry interpretation experts state that when this reconnaissance flight took place nearly 100 fires were still burning in the centre of Berlin.

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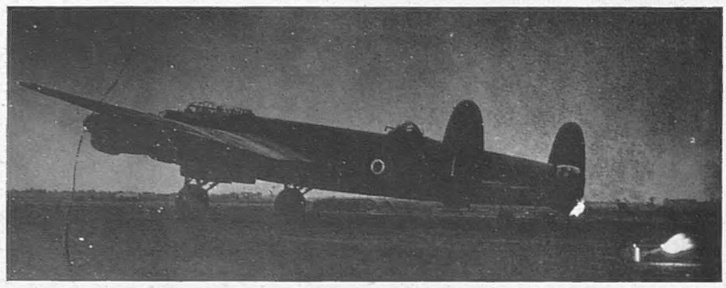
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 209

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

No. 208.—I noted the number at the head of the Newsletter of August 28. No. 208 "War Newsletter." If some seer had warned me during the first week of September 1939 that that number would one day be hoisted, what thoughts, what anxiety, what vacillation, would have troubled the waters of my inkstand? Behind that No. 1, I admit, lay, back over the years between, almost 1,000 Newsletters. Quite enough, anyway, to give practice and confidence to a quill-driver, and that ease and unconsciousness of effort which constant practice gives. As readers know, I do not take an exalted view of popular journalism. I reserve my respect for a very few genuine publicists (of whom I am not one), who write only of what they know and base their opinions on their own researches and on evidence they themselves have tested. But who would require or expect of the average journalist in this war that he should always act up to the true publicists' ideals? Consistency (*not* an attribute of any human) is far beyond our compass. We are petulant and partial, trivial and trite, we blow hot and cold, preach one thing and practise another, condemn without proof, acquit without trial and damn to-morrow what we praise to-day. Yet the humblest writer of a "War Newsletter" must maintain some sort of an appearance of knowledge, policy, consistency, purpose. If I had clearly foreseen No. 208 when I was at work on No. 1, would I have ever compassed the necessary paragraphs to make up that No. 1? Would have I set my hand to the plough on that hard, illimitable field? I doubt it. When No. 1 was writing, God knows my anxieties and expectations were black and menacing enough. I do not say that always they were blacker than need be. I do say that none, or almost none, was accurately forecast. The lessons which the hoisting of No. 208 taught me are in the main consoling and salutary. Anticipation of trials and dangers is always worse than the experience, and it is easier to endure than to anticipate suffering. In the trials of a man's life, an unseen power and ally comes to his aid, faithful, punctual and always unexpected. And then, too, I learned again the lesson (which mankind for ever forgets), the lesson that it is "little drops of water which make a mighty ocean" and little grains of sand a continent. How many men who have planned a history of civilisation have rejected the great undertaking in despair, because they could only see it as a continent and not as a number of grains of sand? The days draw into weeks, the weeks into months and years, and it is, after all, only the day's work which piles up at last a century of human life, or a solid achievement. True; most fitly and tritely said! But (having said it) I should be sorry to sit down by orders to read again "War Newsletters" 1 to 208. That would be a punishment too heavy.

THE OPENING OF THE GREAT ONSLAUGHT ON BERLIN: Pilots and crews in the rest-room of an English bomber station, awaiting instructions to take off a few hours before flying to the German capital on the evening of August 23. On that night, Berlin received a bigger battering than ever before in her history: it marked the opening of the long-expected assault by air



HOW THE BIG BOMBERS TOOK OFF FOR GERMANY: A Lancaster moves up to the starting-point in the twilight for the attack on Berlin

Boris.—More than once I have lightly labelled the late King Boris of Bulgaria as "a nasty piece of goods." I did not like his face nor, indeed, his ancestry, nor the little I knew of his actions. Perhaps Clio will deliver a final judgment more favourable to the man. In war a right judgment of enemies is often impossible, for we do not even try to see the other fellow's point of view. But I fancy that Clio will decide that this fox-cub was true to type and used his native cunning often unscrupulously to keep his crown on his head and his country on the winning side of the fence. In this exercise in prestidigitation he was one of a crowd of frightened statesmen, lovers of power, wire-pullers, quislings, and (here and there) sincere, if narrow-minded, myopic patriots. Boris, anyway, has gone to his account, leaving his country and his throne in a very dicky state. Alive or dead, he don't amount to a hill of beans. Just another little nigger boy written off. In war the laws of libel, also, are in suspense. Those who note that Boris's death was very sudden, and its cause obscure, and that it followed a visit to Hitler (so often the prelude to sudden death), know well that for the Führer no action for libel will lie in British or International Courts. In our frivolous way, with an eye on propaganda, we allow ourselves the easy jibe of comparing secret meetings with Hitler with those "little dinners" given of old by the Borgias to dear friends who had developed tiresome habits or qualities. Myself I see no reason to probe into Hitler's pantry or to study his wartime menus. It seems quite enough to put Boris's death down to natural causes. A man who was forced to juggle non-stop, as Boris did for four long years, in a country so poisonous as Bulgaria with agents of Satan as poisonous as the Axis gang, can die any day of heart trouble without *my* insistence on a coroner's inquest. The wonder is that so many of those black hearts still beat, after all the strain to which they have been put. Boris is dead and King Simeon ascends his tottering throne. The throne of Bulgaria holds no honoured place in history among the Monarchies of Europe—a fox-warren, made up of dark passages and bolt-holes.

Himmler.—The Nazis are drawing on their reserves in the Thieves' Kitchen as well as on the Eastern Front armoured divisions in reserve. Amurath to Amurath succeeds; fairly rapidly now. Until Stalingrad got written on Hitler's heart, the Führer himself was the great Pooh-Bah, and all that Germany knew, or needed to know, as miracle-worker, spell-binder, judge and deity. But after Stalingrad, words—those fearful boomerangs of promises unfulfilled, pledges unhonoured and omniscient confidence fool's-capped—stuck in the Leader's throat. Once only since then has he opened his mouth, and what came forth was the whisper of a sick man and the copy-cat of a drugged cat's-paw. Goebbels, once a master of the legerdemain of verbiage, became his mouth instead of his mouthpiece, and it was the little Doctor of Lies who sustained the weakening morale of Germany during the last terrible months of punishment and presage of doom through which the German people have passed. But Goebbels now has suffered the inevitable fate of liars—even liars who lie to an infant school. He has been found out. Even the half-witted class-room has blown his gaff, and come to value his technique at its true worth. The grin with which they have long greeted his daily gems is no longer tolerant, but definitely inimical. So Goebbels has been ungummed and Himmler, the terrible, the secret agent, the assassin behind the arras, has been promoted to publicity, if not to more plenary power. His weapon will be the bludgeon, not the tongue. The nine little nigger boys of the song are beginning now to suffer more rapid liquidation. There was a very long interval after Hess took wing. But the eclipse of Hitler, Göring, Mussolini and Goebbels, in whole or in part, has recently made a significant gap in the ranks of the elect. The black gang of 1939 is already less than 50 per cent. effective. The staff of the Thieves' Kitchen is being rapidly combed out.

Kharkov.—Kharkov, the capital city of the Ukraine and third or fourth in importance in Russia, a city that once housed a million workers, has changed hands again—for the fourth time in the present war. Not much can remain of those million workers, their homes and stock-in-trade, after such give-and-take of total war. Kharkov, like Stalingrad, is an empty shell, a fearful memory of the meaning of Nazi occupation—a thousand Coventrys rolled into one, 10,000,000 spurs to hatred and vengeance of which the fierceness we, who have never known invasion, cannot even conceive. But the occupation of Kharkov once again by the Russians is more than the recovery of a ruin, more than another spur to vengeance and symbol of certain victory. The shell and the ruins of a great capital are still, and even now, a focal point of the first strategical importance. Its area covers a network of vital communications, vital for attack as vital in defence; its control by the Russians to-day is a double blow to the Nazis, who have gambled all but the last counters of another Stalingrad to stave off its capture. Thousands of Germans have been sacrificed to hold it, a vast and uncountable mass of material has been destroyed in it, the output of Nazi factories during months of incessant toil has been liquidated in the gamble that failed. Of that we may be sure without published statistics. The 14-mile-wide safety gap was at the last too narrow a bottle-neck to allow of any planned or orderly withdrawal, and Hitler has suffered one more staggering defeat, which the justifications and explanations and contradictions of his always childish propaganda machine merely underline and publish to the whole watching world. It is fit and proper that in Russia the bells should ring as triumphantly as they ring out in Tchaikovsky's "1812." It may well be that in history Kharkov has put paid to the account of another tyrant and troubler of the world's peace.

War of Nerves.—With a rare lapse into humility, I admit that that great and good man President Roosevelt is better equipped by nature, experience and knowledge to direct Allied policy than I! Having admitted so much, I confess one point of difference between his policy and mine. I think he banks too much on the uses of the war of nerves. I think he overrates the effect of wordy warnings of the new terrors planned for the Axis. It looked good for unconditional surrender in Italy a month ago, when the Allies combined an intensification of the war of nerves with an assault on the toe of Italy. The result has been disappointing. The war of nerves has stiffened Italy. If it had that effect on Italians, will it have a more fruitful result with the far more virile (and less convinced of defeat) Germans and Japanese? In my ignorance of facts, I doubt it. The President is a humane man; he loathes war and utterly detests the spilling of blood and treasure in purely destructive work. He wants (as every sane and decent man wants) a quick end to this agony and imbecility, and, if possible, an end economical in human life. That accounts for his continual reliance on the war of nerves, for his constant, if vague, references addressed now to Germany and Japan, to the fearful horrors and terrors brewing for them. That accounts for his almost ingenuous pleadings to the Axis to throw up the sponge now and save themselves further agony and humanity a longer-drawn-out tragedy. But when, in the same breath, he admits that fire and sword are the only language they can understand, I see a prima facie inconsistency in his policy. Prima facie only. I have said he is a great man. He has the means to know more than I or you know. He *must* know of things going on inside Germany which are hidden from us. The ground he is seeking to sow *must* be more fruitful than *we* suppose. Otherwise, we should be justified in saying that these reiterated wordy threats and flesh-creepings are a little undignified, and by the experience gained in this war, singularly ineffective.

THE OLD STAGER.

A VIEW OF THE NEW BRITISH MORTAR: Private Partridge (who comes from Edmonton, London) ranging the weapon during the action which preceded the fall of the town of Adrano, in Sicily

A NEW BRITISH WEAPON—

the 4·2-in. Mortar

Which Has Done Good Work in Tunisia and in Sicily, and Details of which Have Just Been Revealed

LOADING A BOMB INTO THE BARREL OF THE 4·2-IN. MORTAR. The weapon weighs 258 lb.: it fires a 20-lb. bomb over a distance of 4,000 yards and to a peak height of 4,000 ft. The crew normally consists of four men

A PICTURE TAKEN DURING ACTION ON THE CATANIAN PLAIN: The new mortar is being fired from a tripod stand in an excavated site. The 20-lb. bombs, in their special containers, are seen on the left

It has only just been revealed that, during the campaigns in Tunisia and in Sicily, the British Army made use of a new weapon—the 4·2-in. mortar. On this page we give pictures of this hitherto secret weapon.

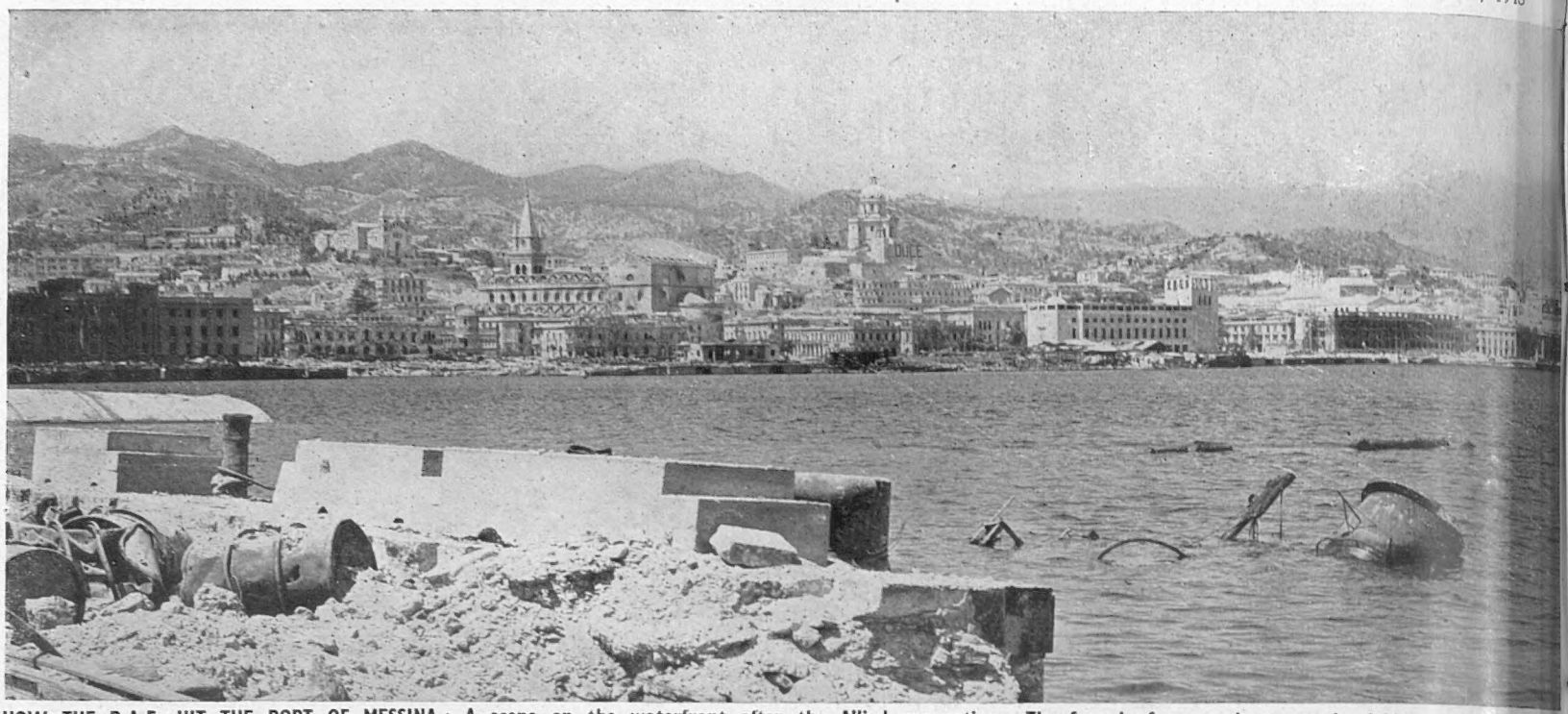
Based on the experience of trench warfare, which we acquired so painfully during the war of 1914-18, the 4·2-in. mortar is meant to provide relatively heavy artillery in forward positions. It is essentially an infantry weapon, yet it fires a 20-lb. bomb for a distance of 4,000 yards. As with all mortars, this newest type throws its shell high into the air, so that it drops with the greatest effect on to the target. This is what artillerists call "plunging fire."

At the peak of its rise, the bomb reaches a height of 4,000 ft.: it would thus clear Mount Snowdon, with a little to spare!

The mortar is portable, weighing but 258 lb.; the crew consists of four men. It has a traverse of 360 degrees on its base plate, which means that it can fire in any direction without the base having to be moved.

The mortar is most effective in destroying enemy strong-points and entrenched positions. Whereas ordinary artillery firing with a flat trajectory would do little damage, even if it hit the target, the mortar-bomb drops down on to it with devastating effect.

The three pictures reproduced here were all taken during actual fighting on the island of Sicily



HOW THE R.A.F. HIT THE PORT OF MESSINA : A scene on the waterfront after the Allied occupation. The funnel of a merchant vessel sticking out of the water shows where Allied bombers scored another direct hit during their heavy and repeated attacks on the harbour area

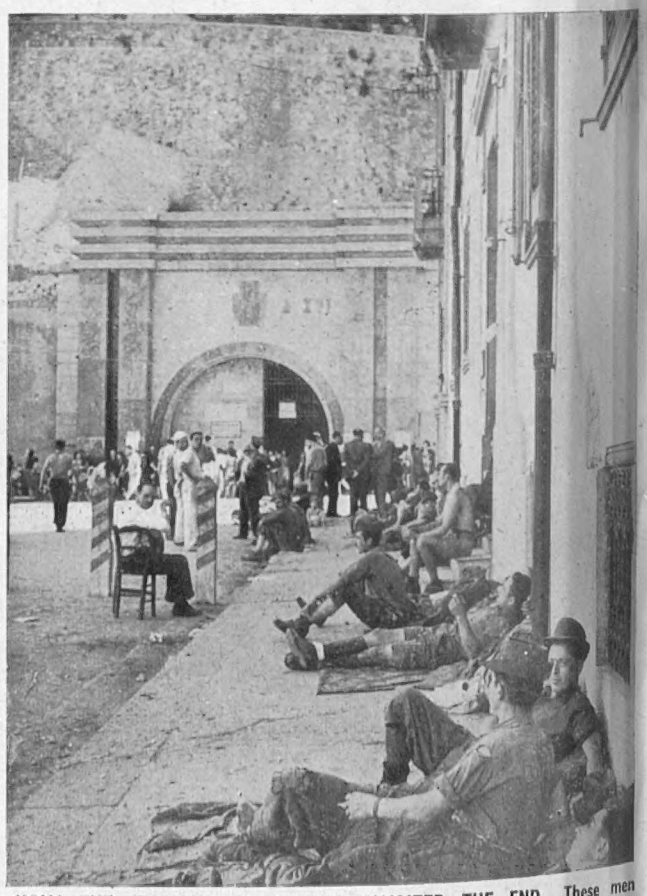
The ENTRY into MESSINA

On August 17—The Final Stage of the Allied Campaign in Sicily

A BRITISH ARMOURED CAR entering the outskirts of Messina on August 17

MEN OF THE EAST YORKS REGIMENT, the first British infantry to enter the town, watch the Italian mainland across the Strait from a gun position in Messina Harbour

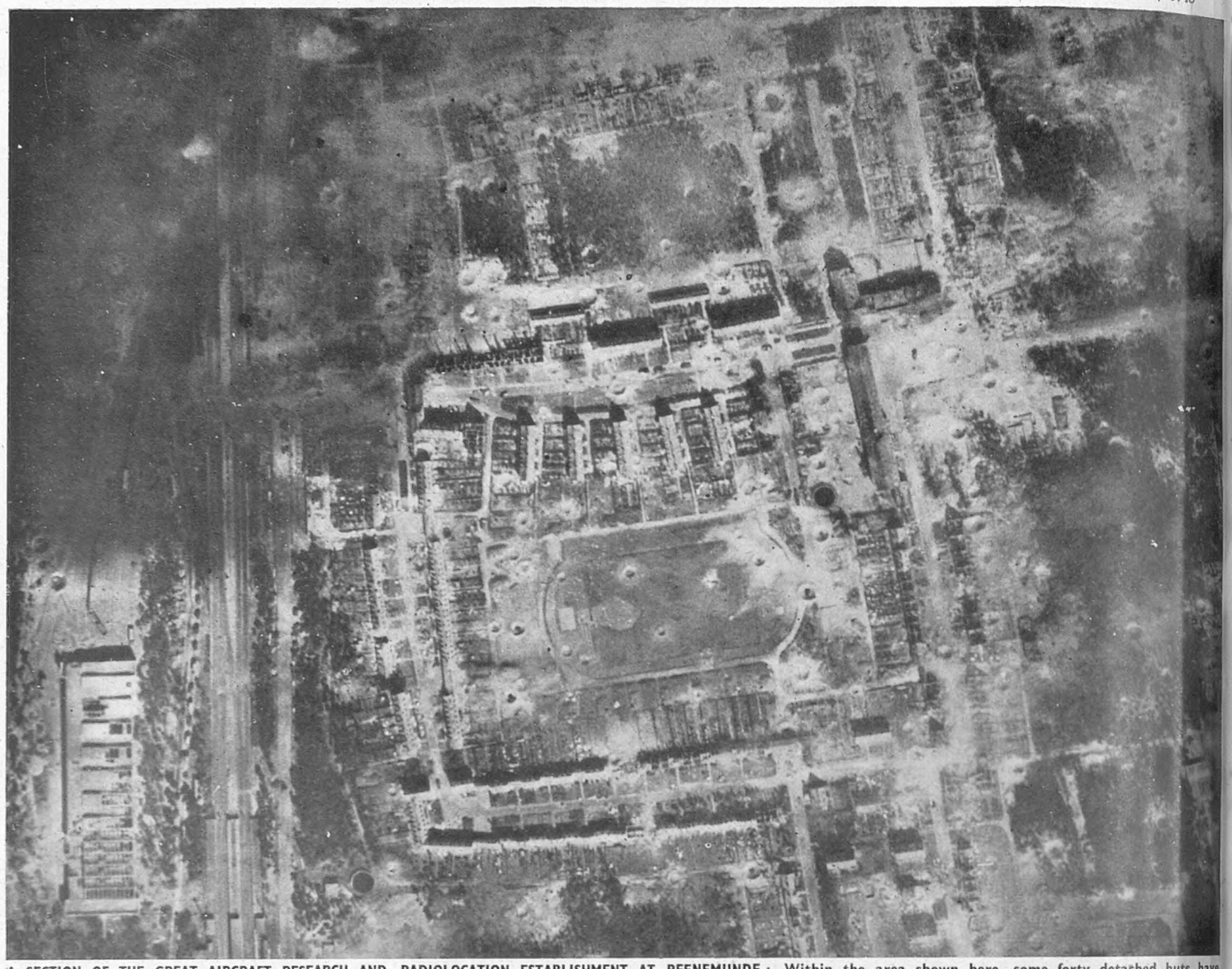
THE SICILY WOUNDED LEAVE THE PORT OF SYRACUSE : Covering the entire space of a British landing-craft, Allied stretcher cases wait to join the hospital ship outside the harbour for transference to bases in North Africa and Britain



HOW THE ITALIANS IN MESSINA AWAITED THE END. These men formed part of the city's garrison. After the fall of the city, they lay idly on the sidewalks while waiting to be taken to a prison camp. In the background is a huge civilian air-raid shelter hewn out of the rock

THE DIFFICULTIES UNDER WHICH OUR ARTILLERY FOUGHT DURING THE FINAL STAGES OF THE SICILY CAMPAIGN. The rocky districts around Mount Etna were full of such difficult country as that depicted above. The walled-in lanes in which the area abounds left no alternative position but a narrow lane for this battery of British 25-pounder guns. Tanks were unable to pursue their proper function in the confused jumble of hills and walled lanes, and the big ordnance pieces were very much restricted, owing to the nature of the terrain. The 25-pounders, however, were man-handled into the position they occupy above, and they performed as good work in Sicily as, previously, in Libya and Tunisia

A GERMAN "SECRET WEAPON" WHICH WAS FOUND ABANDONED IN SICILY. This huge object is a German Mark VI tank, or Tiger. It was found abandoned and blown up in the Mount Etna area near Pisano during the Allied advance towards Messina. These tanks are fitted with an 88-mm. gun in the turret, a huge piece of ordnance which makes the total weight about 56 tons. Unfortunately for the enemy, the breadth of the Tiger is such that on the narrow roads of the island its employment was strictly limited



A SECTION OF THE GREAT AIRCRAFT RESEARCH AND RADIOLOCATION ESTABLISHMENT AT PEENEMUNDE: Within the area shown here, some forty detached huts have been destroyed and about fifty others have been gutted by fire or partly demolished by high explosives

BEFORE THE ATTACK: The area shown in the upper picture is seen here before the devastation

PEENEMUNDE

A Great German Research-Development Station Wrecked by the R.A.F.

On the night of August 17 aircraft of Bomber Command made a heavy attack in bright moonlight on the research and development station at Peenemunde, sixty miles to the north-west of Stettin, on the Baltic.

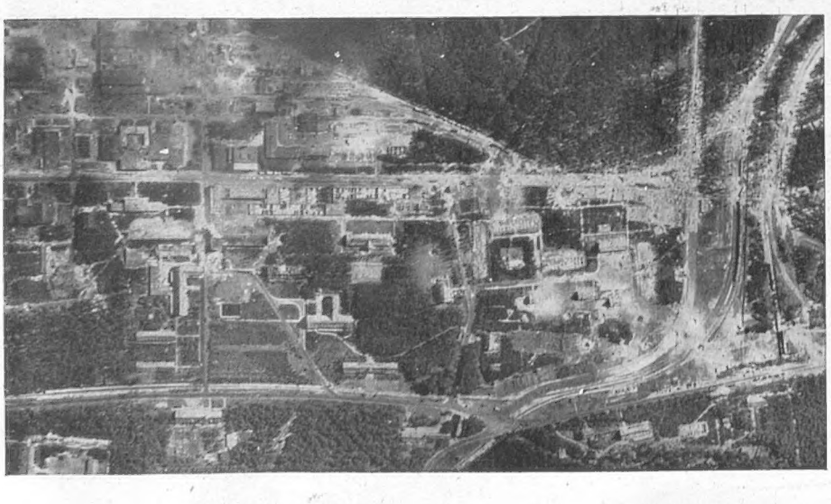
"It was certain," said the Air Ministry, "that the force would have to fight its way in, in what would be almost daylight, through heavy squadrons of night-fighters, and to a target farther away than Berlin." But this factory is larger and more important even than the radio-location works at Friedrichshafen, which Lancasters attacked on their way to Africa in June.

THE SOUTH LABOUR CAMP AT PEENEMUNDE, where at least twenty-three out of about forty-five large huts have been completely destroyed and others severely damaged as the result of the R.A.F. raid

The establishment at Peenemunde consists of a number of buildings and assembly shops among woods by the seashore, along a strip of country four and a half miles long by a little more than a mile wide. Well over 1,500 tons of high explosives and incendiaries were dropped within this area, mostly from the height of a few thousand feet and in the face of intense fire from light anti-aircraft guns.

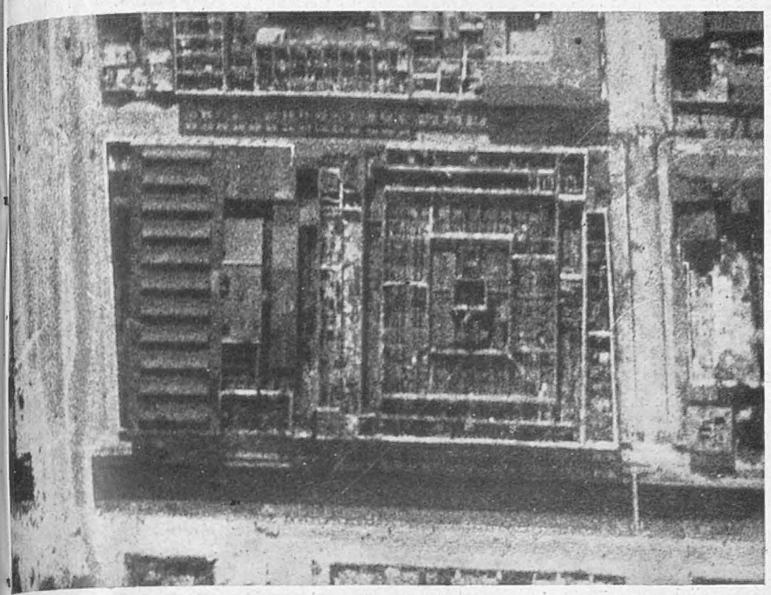
Forty bombers were lost, but the results achieved were well worth it, grievous as is the thought of so many gallant crews being brought down. The flashes of hundreds of high-explosive bombs were seen in tight clusters in the right areas during the attack, main buildings were seen to be gutted, and the fires started were seen from the Danish coast as the bombers were returning.

At Peenemunde German scientists deal with high-grade development work on aircraft, radiolocation and armament. How this centre of great importance was laid in ruins is well indicated by the series of pictures reproduced on this page.

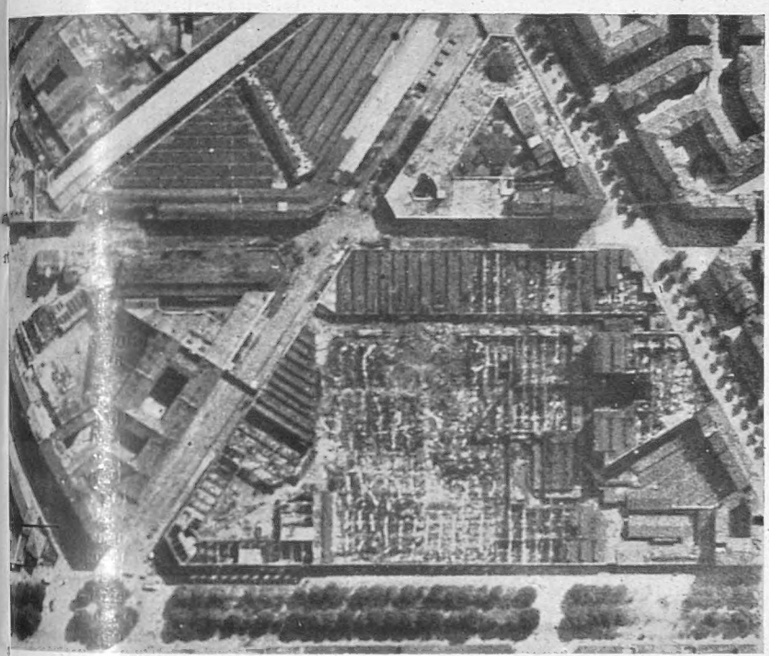


***On left*—This daylight reconnaissance picture shows how effectively the bombers located their target at Peenemunde and plastered it with bombs. The establishment consisted mainly of small buildings; many of them have now entirely disappeared, whitened areas and blast-patches alone marking their sites. Although the buildings here were dispersed, they have suffered extremely heavy damage**

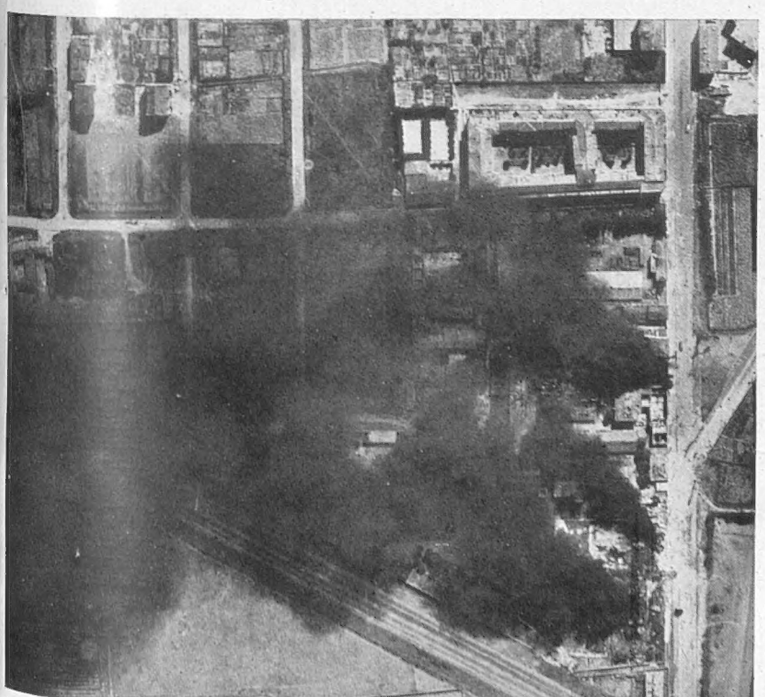
HOW MILAN has been BATTERED by the R.A.F



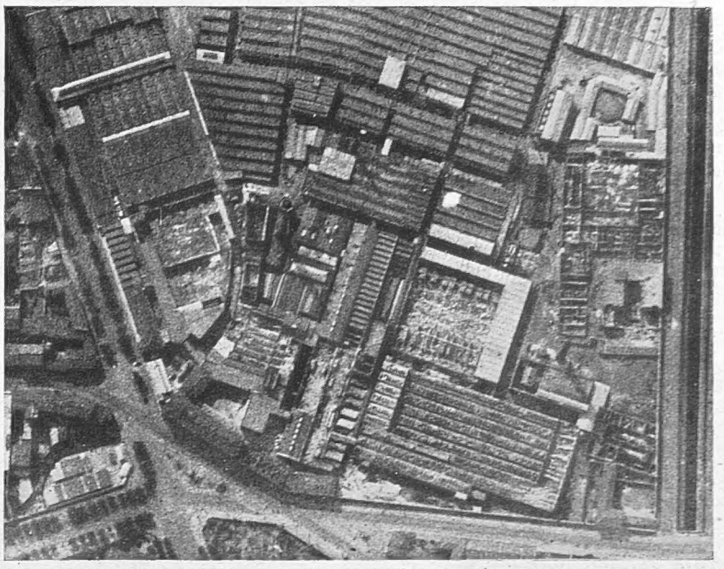
THE DAMAGED PLANT OF THE OFFICINE STIGLER AT MILAN, which specialised in malleable, and special cast, iron. The whole of the centre of this important works has been blown out by high explosives



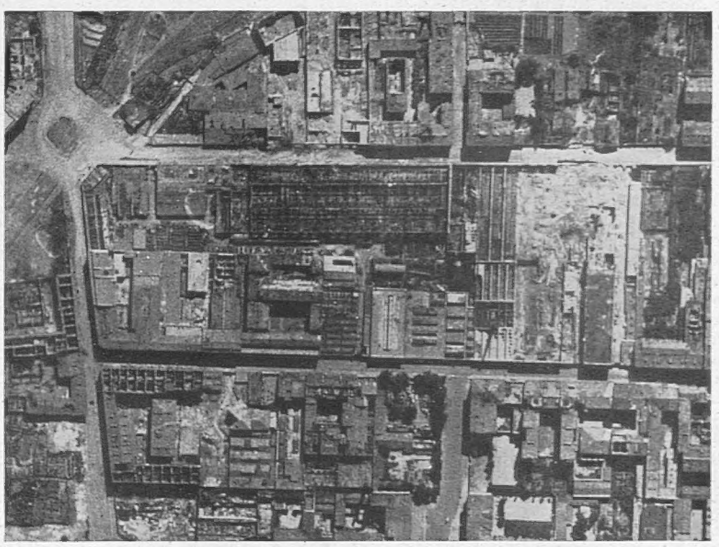
THE EXTENSIVE DAMAGE DONE TO THE WORKS OF THE E. BIANCHI MOTOR FACTORY, manufacturers of many of Italy's vehicles. Very little of the inner core of this great factory now stands



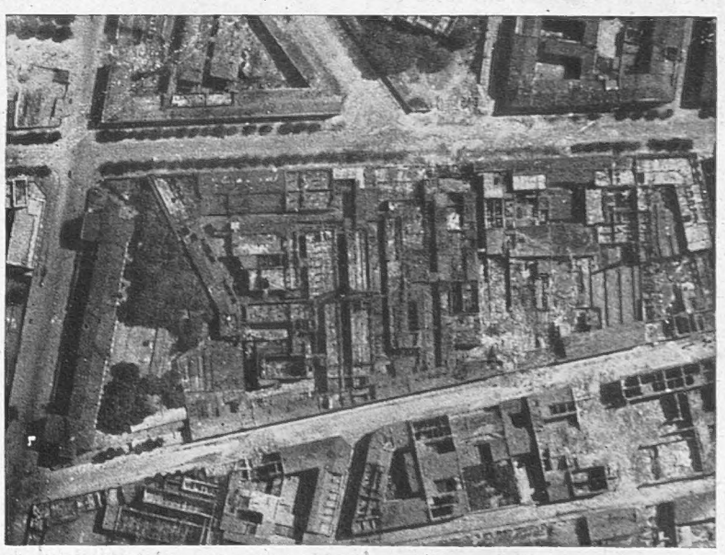
DENSE SMOKE RISING FROM FIRES AMONG THE OIL STORAGE TANKS at the Refinery of E. Reinach. This reconnaissance picture was taken in broad daylight after one of a number of heavy attacks by the R.A.F.



THE BADLY DAMAGED TEXTILE PLANT OF THE DE ANGELI TRUA. The devastated areas of this plant show up clearly against the undamaged portions. Note the unroofed areas to the right



HEAVY DAMAGE AT THE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT WORKS OF BROWN BOVERI, where great sections have been blown out by the bombs. This was an important and vital centre, where much war material was produced



THE PIRELLI RUBBER AND TYRE FACTORY almost completely devastated. The effect of blast on subsidiary buildings around the main works is also very apparent in this photograph

In Italy the heavy bombers of the R.A.F. have mainly confined their attentions to the big cities of the Industrial North—Milan, Turin and Genoa. These three great centres have received a severe battering during recent raids; the city of Milan, in particular, has been almost crippled as the result of raid after raid. Not only is Milan one of Italy's biggest commercial centres, but it is a vital point in her communications. The pictures given here were all taken during, or after, recent heavy attacks: they show how severely the war industries of this once-great centre have been hit. Motor factories, oil plants, textile factories, electrical works, have all suffered—in some cases it is known that they will not be able to resume their part in Italy's war effort for a very long time. Little wonder that the city is reported to be in a state bordering on revolt, and that the much-bombed citizens sleep out in the country each night!

ENGLISH is WINNING as a WORLD LANGUAGE

And it is Likely to be Adopted as the "Second Tongue" Throughout the World After the War

By FERDINAND TUOHY

HOPES of an earlier termination to the war in Europe than nearly all our celebrated predictors have predicted from time to time inevitably send one thinking of other hopes that were frustrated a generation ago—schemes and aspirations which, crowding the international agenda in 1919, became progressively less and less heard of thereafter.

Some of those bygone casualties are doubtless finally buried, but a larger number should reappear in altered garb. There will be another try for this and that garnishing and complement of the broader peacemaking. And a good thing, too, because more than one bright and useful notion was inadequately persevered with, or sunk beneath, an avalanche of coal and reparations during Versailles and after.

Few can have paid much attention to a typical casualty of those crazy times when leaders of thought and politics were spurred to talk in terms of eternity; of the war to end war and of peace for evermore; stuff that would be queried by an average fourth-form schoolboy. From 1919 to 1921 an intermittent attempt was made in Brussels, London and Geneva to inaugurate a world auxiliary language. Committees formed of scholars, scientists and sociologists again got down to the 300-years-old problem of giving at least to the more articulate varieties of mankind a common vehicle of expression. Such varieties being the ones who order the affairs of the universe for good or ill. Perhaps if they could be made to understand one another even in simple parlance, there might be less chance of ill.

After two years had elapsed the experts arrived at three main conclusions: that a dead language such as Latin would be too difficult; that the language of a Great Power would not be acceptable as conferring undue advantages on the country whose language was chosen; and that the invented language scored by reason of its being at once neutral and simple.

Vaguely, the hope was communicated by the scholars, etc., that the League of Nations would select an invented language and recommend it for world adoption. But the League was intoxicated with politics—a state into which its successor is unlikely to be allowed to get—and Geneva didn't follow up. One reason, no doubt, was that the whole subject was rated dull; that it didn't make headlines. For novelties to be put over, they must be publicised.

Now, after twenty-two years, this subject of a world auxiliary language is again on the tapis. It has indeed taken a sharp turn before arms in Europe have been laid down. Whereas last winter there were two candidates in the running, English and an invented language, now everything points to English being the only real runner. English or—as you were.

Official cognisance of this was recently taken in London, where the United Nations Education Committee unanimously agreed that English should be made an obligatory auxiliary language. Not all the thirty-odd Governments fighting the Axis were represented, but Russia, China and the United States participated, and there is nothing to show that the Governments of Moscow, Washington, Chunking (or Peking,) London and the Dominions, representing 1,200,000,000 people, will not endorse the proposal when the time comes, or that a considerable number of other nations will not follow suit.

Indeed, in so doing Governments would only be keeping up with events, since English is being talked, learnt and stumbled through in most parts of the world as a result of the ubiquitous and leading role of the English-speakers in the war and of the course this has taken.

Even the Axis follows the vogue. Japanese militarists and intellectuals are divided about making English the language of their occupied territories (though they really needn't bother), while Germans and Italians have used English to get along in—or not to get along. Witness that fragrant story of the two German officers who got on a crowded Rome tramcar by the prohibited end, only to be met by an Italian officer exploding in English: "Get out and get out of Italy!"

On the Allied side and among neutrals the general signs are not to be mistaken.

Marshal Stalin is said to give two hours a day to English, when he can; not the first statesman to decide that interpreters do not always translate shadings. In fact, Big Threes and Big Fours are apt to go into such a close huddle that it is no good at all for one to be left linguistically in the cold, as poor Orlando once was before Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau.

Marshal Chiang is taking lessons, too—maybe from Madame Chiang. And so is President Inonu—most of the Turkish Cabinet appears to be learning English. And these leaders are setting a fashion for their countries. Thus, Soviet seamen are reported to be particularly studious, and they are doubly right, for if English isn't the language of the sea, what is? Just as English is bound to become the language of the air, with the enormous impending Anglo-American contribution to air travel and transport.

In the occupied countries, English is often spoken to annoy the Germans. A good example is France, where it is smart for young people to swop words in an Anglo-American code-slang called "swing." So many are learning English in France that Vichy has retaliated by making Spanish the first language for various categories of students. The Danes are even better at this verbal Boche-baiting, and now that the B.B.C. gives early morning English lessons, we may assume a widening annoyance of the Germans. Though the broadcast lessons have quite a different aim, namely, to ease matters for our eventual invading hosts and to facilitate subsequent reconstruction under the sign of Amgot and later appendages.

Again, wherever American and British troops set foot in this very global conflict, a species of pidjin English develops. North Africa is an example. Such "mutilation" of English shocks some people, who fear, should English become a world-wide vehicle, that we at home would come to murder it like Papuans. Yet one cannot see why future generations should murder it much more than present company already does under the American influence. I found from Robert Lynd that his fear is of mutilation of the written word.

Well, tens of thousands of foreign allies and refugees have meanwhile had the good fortune to assimilate current English, a knowledge they will surely turn to account when they regain their liberated lands. And so it goes on. English is even being learnt in the United States more than ever before. Pupils are latter-day immigrants, or their children who had hitherto stuck to their own languages. Now they go to night schools and "older" American citizens are glad that it is so.

It would be half the battle if politics could be divorced from this auxiliary language issue. Of special augury, therefore, is a British Council report from Madrid, showing a 50 per cent. increase in English learners, and the same story comes from most of Latin-America. This has significance in that Spanish was thought to have a chance as an alternative to English. It is easy and phonetic (if I find the lisping difficult—try "beer" in Spanish). Yet 50,000,000 Spanish speakers in both hemispheres are too few for a world start to be made in Spanish.

For French, however, special treatment is recommended by the United Nations Committee. This proposes that French should be obligatory in all schools where English is normally taught, which means, right away, that it should be obligatory for the 200,000,000 white English-speakers of Britain, the United States and the Dominions. French would also, presumably, be obligatory in schools anywhere—such as in Scandinavia—where English is taught as principal foreign language.

This matter of French is important, and it is well that Professor Cassin has set things right in a broadcast to France, where the Germans and their Paris friends had already begun lying about the Anglo-Saxons preparing to swamp the world with their own language. Professor Cassin also made it clear that French and English would remain the sole languages at all international conferences. It is well to keep such matters in the foreground because opposition to English will come, as in the past, chiefly from the Latin group (France, Italy, Spain, particularly where Fascism has taken deepest root).

The difference, then, to-day compared with 1919, is that an Allied majority chooses the language of a Great Power for universal usage—rather, of two balancing Great Powers, since the obvious American striding into world affairs must have influenced the London vote. The Soviet delegate may have been impressed by this angle to the extent of not advancing Russian as a world auxiliary. It reaches 275,000,000 people, covering the Balkans and much of Central Europe, with offshoots in America. But Russian is a stiff proposition even for linguists.

All the same, English will not be accepted unless the nations have full confidence that its obligatory teaching will in no sense impinge on the usage or culture of any living tongue. This is capital, as past fears and prejudices—entirely understandable—have shown. It will have to be hammered home that the auxiliary tongue comes in alongside all tongues, intruding upon and injuring none. That it will be a civilising agency by which men and women may talk to one another instead of sitting mum and glum, ignorant, "sniffing," suspicious, often hostile. That it will be resorted to in order to oil day-to-day contact between the peoples and to spread learning and information.

Perhaps standing most to benefit would be international youth, whose curiosity about other peoples and wish to understand them would be conspicuously aided. But a common tongue would facilitate the affairs in general of a world about to be knit much closer in the twin age of international co-operation and air travel. Incidentally, obligatory English would undo the effects of widespread German teaching which the Nazis pressed upon unwilling nations as part of their scheme for world dominion.

FROM A PRISON CAMP IN GERMANY. Australian airmen make the best of their conditions in Stalag Luft 3. Books received from the British Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund fill the cases which the men made themselves—like the rest of their furniture

FROM A PRISON CAMP IN CHINA: From Woosung, in China, comes this picture showing American prisoners in a Jap camp. The men are not allowed to shave or cut their hair; and they are wearing Jap uniforms instead of their own clothes. When this picture was taken the prisoners were making gramophone records for relaying messages to the United States. The Japs then use these records for propaganda purposes!

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

HOW BRITISH CRUISERS SHELLED THE NAVAL BASE OF CASTELLAMMARE, NEAR NAPLES, FROM A DISTANCE OF EIGHT MILES. The cruisers sent their shells hurtling over two high mountain peaks at an objective which was invisible to the gunners—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THE NAVAL WAR AGAINST ITALY

Two Incidents During Recent Operations by the Royal Navy off Sicily and in the Bay of Naples

When two famous British cruisers carried out a bombardment of the Italian naval base at Castellammare a few days ago, they gave a fine demonstration of British gunnery methods. The cruisers, well known for their service in the Mediterranean, were escorted by destroyers; the objective of their attack was the dockyard and repair base near Naples, which is of great importance to Italy. The attack was opened at 1 o'clock, in the darkness: the range was eight miles. Salvoes were sent pouring in high over Mount Taito, of 3,619 ft., and Mount San Angelo, of 4,734 ft. The destroyers, with their less powerful armament, had moved in nearer the target and the cruisers were firing over them, too, as well as over the mountains! The crews of the two bigger vessels (which have been hunting the Italian Fleet together since before the days of the Malta blitz) cheered as four great splashes of orange suddenly lighted the sky over the peninsula. They must have been tremendous explosions to light the sky at that distance and reflect so brightly. During the attack, which lasted for a thunderous quarter of an hour, not a single enemy gun opened fire at the British squadron, despite the presence of coastal batteries, the proximity of the Italian Fleet, and the possibility of air attack. At the conclusion of the "shoot," the cruisers and destroyers steamed south without hindrance! The cruisers shown in this drawing are both of the Ajax class, 6-in. vessels of about 7,000 tons displacement.

JUST BEFORE THE BRITISH CAPTURE OF TAORMINA, ON THE EAST COAST OF SICILY: a British gunboat comes close in-shore off Cape Schiso, and little columns of Italian soldiers troop down to the beach to try to surrender—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

This incident was recounted by Mr. Alan Moorehead on his arrival in Taormina: He was pushing on towards that famous beauty spot, on foot along the coast, with two other war correspondents, when a British gunboat came into view off Cape Schiso. It had been shelling the cliffs during the earlier part of the afternoon; until a British officer had gone down to the beach and shouted across to the captain that the Germans had cleared out. The boat now drifted lazily about in the gleaming blue water. Along the beach little columns of Italians were trooping down to the water's edge with white flags and frantically trying to surrender to the gunboat. When the warship appeared to be indifferent, some of the Italians turned to the three British correspondents: but "there was nothing much we could do about it, except to tell them to smash their rifles," said Mr. Moorehead!

THE LAST DAYS OF THE SICILIAN CAMPAIGN: HOW THE ALLIES ADVANCED TOWARDS MESSINA by converging attacks along the east and the north coasts of the island; and the final action of British Commandos at Scaletta on August 16, when the last shots were fired—*Drawing by Perry Horne*

The Eighth Army by-passed Taormina, and eventually reached Roccalumera along a road mined and blasted in every conceivable way by the retreating Germans. Here, at Roccalumera, was a vast evidence of organised resistance in the shape of an Italian line extending up from the beach to Mandanici, on the hill-side. Certain German forces were reported to have fled over these hills down to the beach road south of Messina.

On Monday, August 16, at dawn, a small Commando expedition landed at Scaletta, a few miles to the north of Roccalumera, for the purpose of preventing the demolition of this part of the road. The expedition encountered no wire on the beaches. They landed and took possession; cleared out a few pockets of opposition; and then proceeded to experience a hot time from gun-fire across the Straits. However, at nightfall they advanced northwards and encountered no opposition whatever. The American northern forces had meanwhile been pressing rapidly forward, passing Barcellona and Milazzo on the run on the 16th; for by Tuesday, the 17th, at 4 a.m., they were in Messina.

FINAL DAYS IN SICILY

The Closing Stages of the Five-Week Campaign—and Then on to the Italian Mainland!

—Special Sphere Drawings

A close study of the final communiqués and the narratives of war correspondents in Sicily reveals that affairs moved with an ever-increasing pace as the enemy retired within the narrowing apex of the Messina promontory.

Stiff fighting was recorded on the 12th and 13th in the Randazzo valley, and an advance of some four miles was made towards Castiglione and Francavilla, in order, if possible, to block the northern road over the hills by Novara to the beaches, where, it was reported, the enemy was loading his evacuation barges. On Saturday, the 14th, a change came over the scene. The northern section of the Seventh U.S. Army was then at Floresta, a point high up on the southern slope of the main mountain spine, some 4,000 ft. above sea-level. Their line extended seawards to Piraino on the coast. The obstacle of Cap Orlando had been by-passed by two amphibious landings near Brolo. The following day—Sunday, August 15—saw them at Patti and Oliveri on the coast road. The Floresta forces had the choice of taking a zigzag road down to the shore, or they could have dropped down to the Randazzo-Francavilla valley. That they moved quickly by the shore road seems most probable.

While these movements were taking place, the Eighth Army had advanced from Bronte, closing with U.S. troops in the narrowing area, and thus giving no room for the Canadians, who, at this time, were withdrawn. On the eastern shore, the Eighth Army, spread out on the Etna slopes, advanced to Giarre and towards Fiumefreddo.

ON THE ROAD TO TAORMINA DURING THE LAST DAYS OF THE SICILIAN FIGHTING: British sappers suffer casualties whilst clearing land-mines and booby-traps left by the Germans—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Right up to the last, the Nazis ran true to form in Sicily! Before entering Taormina, it was necessary for the sappers to clear away the mines and traps which had been laid in profusion along the roads the infantry would have to follow. Casualties were incurred, because not only had the enemy left mines, but he had attached booby-traps to them. In one case, a basket of fruit was lying in the road: it was a trap. In another case, leaves from a near-by tree were scattered over the road: it concealed another trap. By such means, the Nazis succeeded in holding up our advance, often for hours at a time

THE STRAITING OF THE "BOOT" OF ITALY AFTER THE EVACUATION OF SICILY. Whilst the retreating Germans were fleeing northwards from Reggio and Palmi on the mainland, strategic points all along the coast were being bombarded and bombed, and all road and rail communications were under constant attack by American and British warships and aircraft—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

After the fall of Messina the correspondents gazed across the narrow waters of the Straits at the "brown mass" of the mainland, so near but yet so full of uncertainties. The strip of coast between San Giovanni and Reggio remained active until the very last moments of the evacuation. The last boats left in the dawn light of August 17, just before American advanced units entered the city. Big guns had made the Straits too difficult for anything larger than M.T.B.s. Occasionally, our cruisers had crept up to do a spot of firing as long as conditions would allow. Later, the waters all round the island became clear—U.S. vessels circulating on the north, the British Navy to the south. Both began closing in on the "toe" and "instep" of the Italian "boot." Small ports in the Gulfs of Gioja and Eufemia were bombarded, as also the larger port of Crotone. It is these three districts which, alone in this part of Italy, have flat, steep cliffs to the sea-edge. Close to the beaches run the road and rail connections, connecting the area with Naples and the north. The "heel" of Italy around Taranto and Brindisi is composed of lower ground, but it is not flat ground of the same character as the three already mentioned. A main road crosses the "instep" by way of Catanzaro. Both ends of this link have been strafed. The main mountain spine runs northwards from Aspromonte, in Calabria, behind Cosenza, to Castrovillari, and links up with the Southern Apennines of Campegnia. Here, the ports of Salerno, Castellammare and Naples have been heavily bombed. Towards the north-eastern shore, Foggia and its various communications, and Bari and Brindisi have been bombed. From a point north of the Gulf of Eufemia to the southern headland of the Gulf of Salerno the cliffs run sheer down to the sea in an unbroken rampart, pierced occasionally by torrential stream-beds. Bridges and tunnel entrances have provided numerous targets.

THE TANK IN THE SICILIAN CAMPAIGN: WHEN LOCAL CONDITIONS CHANGE QUICKLY, THE FIGHTING VEHICLE MAY FIND ITSELF IN AN AWKWARD SPOT. In this case, a couple of them suddenly emerged from the plains into a high-stone-walled lane leading to Paterno, in which they had no room to turn or manœuvre: under such conditions, the big vehicles may become a sitting target for enemy anti-tank guns which have been trained on these spots—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The Germans had every intention of defending Sicily with tanks. To this end, they assembled many squadrons of their best machines, including "Tigers," on the flat plains of the western and south-western coast. But to be effective tanks must be concentrated and yet have a wide field for manœuvre. In Sicily, the Axis panzers were first split up by our strategy, and then the diffused squadrons had to fight in narrow places, mountain gorges, walled roads, tracks between plantations, cramped towns.

Our own armoured policy was far more circumspect from the beginning. The Eighth Army's famous squadrons throughout played a tentative, cautious part. Not once did they roar forward in Libyan phalanx to fight a decisive battle; or have an opportunity to do so. They were brought up sometimes to deal with a particularly knotty problem in "winkling," but even then were rarely triumphant in a spectacular way. Sometimes, indeed, as outside Paterno, they thrust forward their noses—only to retreat hastily. These squadrons found themselves in narrow lanes with high stone walls and anti-tank artillery facing them: a situation that outflanking infantry could deal with efficiently, but that completely defeated the monsters.

HOW A BIG BOMBING ATTACK IS PREPARED: Before the main body of bombers arrive, the target area is marked out by "pathfinder" aircraft which drop flares and incendiaries as a guide—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

CHANGING TACTICS IN THE AIR WAR

The Significance of Some of the Latest News from the European Battle Fronts

The British have recently been using a new bombing method, according to reports from Germany. The R.A.F., state these reports, at the beginning of a raid mark out the target area by a series of "rings" of green flares, and the following waves of bombers drop their loads in the periphery of these rings so as to cut off the German A.R.P. personnel and prevent their reaching the districts under attack. Then the interior rings are littered with bombs and incendiaries. The terrific heat "causes a vacuum of air" in the bombed districts, and air then rushes in from other parts of the town. In this way, regular "tornadoes" arise—so strong that people are said to be thrown flat on the ground, and the fire brigades cannot get to the blitzed area with their equipment. These violent currents of air serve also to spread the fire to surrounding districts. The "ring system" was first used over Hamburg. The "pathfinders," which precede the main bombing body, are specially picked: they usually go in at a high altitude to release the flares which show those who follow the exact location of the target

BOTH the Allied and the Nazi air forces are now in process of recutting their coats to suit the available cloth. In the case of the *Luftwaffe*, the material is so skimpy that it will serve for little more than a strait-jacket, a sort of super-austerity garment. The Allies, on the other hand, are finding that they can now afford a freer-fitting style to suit their present greater liberty of action. Before touching on battle tactics, it is worth a moment to see how the plane outputs now compare. Germany's maximum is reliably given as not more than 2,500 planes a month. Italy's contribution of about 600 a month must have dropped greatly, and is soon likely to cease entirely. British output has been officially stated to be greater than Germany's, say 3,000 a month. The United States was making over 7,000 a month last winter, while Japanese output is known not to be greater than 1,250. Thus, without counting the Russian quota (probably somewhere between Japan's and Germany's), the Allies now have a superiority rate of about 2½ to 1. Moreover, while an increasing proportion of Allied output are attack machines, many of the largest size, Germany is being compelled to switch over to defender types, notably night-fighters.

Such a situation cannot but have its effect on the tactics of the rival air arms. We see increasingly heavy and frequent raids on Europe, including the daring daylight swoops on the Messerschmitt factories and Ploesti refinery. We see, too, the *Luftwaffe* conforming to the general German strategy, which is how to keep as large an army together as long as possible. This does not mean that they may not lash out, if the fortunes of war give them the chance, but it does mean that they will usually act on the "live to fight another day" principle. In Sicily, for example, they evolved a "glide-bombing" system of diving with engines off from great heights to hedge-top level, and of attacking with bombs and cannon-fire while still running off their diving impetus. Once past their target they would switch on their engines and try to pick a favourable chance of climbing again. The method obviously was intended to favour safety at the expense of effectiveness, a very different attitude from that of Rommel's airmen a year ago.

R.A.F. tactics have changed, too. When we put 400 bombers in the air over a town such as Hamburg, it is quite clear that the old leisurely methods of bomb aiming, two dummy run-ups to check the target and a third to "let go," will no longer do. Our planes would be queueing up all night long. The R.A.F.'s present method works on the "pathfinder" system, with a lavish use of incendiaries and flares.

According to reports from Switzerland and Sweden, our bombers use special target-marking flares of an exceptionally large and powerful kind, which can be seen even through thick cloud. According to one report, special bombs are dropped containing about sixty of these flares, which light up the best part of a square mile. Others state that our bombers aim at "ringing round" the target area with incendiaries and smaller bombs, while the later planes dump their 4,000 and 8,000-pounders within the fiery circle. This does not mean that we have abandoned precision bombing, but simply that when, as now, our object is the obliteration of a whole industrial region, the term takes on a rather different meaning.

One of the more interesting neutral reports concerns certain "leaflets" of metallic foil which the R.A.F. are now said to drop in very large quantities. One Swiss paper, for instance, said that during the Turin raids strips of tinfoil about 8 ins. long and an inch wide, black on one side and bright on the other, were showered down. One suggestion is that these are intended to nullify the searchlights by their reflections as the "leaflets" flitter down.

But it is now common knowledge that radio-location utilises the fact that ultra-short wireless waves are "reflected" if they encounter a metal structure. A cloud of these metal "leaflets" might easily take fifteen minutes to flitter down to earth if released at, say, 10,000 ft. The effect of the wave-beam as it encountered first the bright, and next the blackened, side might easily be very confusing to those who were working the defending radiolocation devices.

WHAT FREQUENTLY HAPPENS TO GERMAN RAIDERS AFTER AN ATTACK ON BRITAIN: A Dornier 217 bomber being shot down over the coast, on its way home after a raid, by a Beaufighter "Intruder" of Fighter Command—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Quite a high proportion of German raiding aircraft are shot down over this country, or on their way home: in relation to the number of aircraft employed on individual raids, the German losses are sometimes very high indeed—as on a recent occasion, when six out of twenty-five were destroyed, or 24 per cent. The drawing by Mr. Whitaker above shows how one of this force came to its end. The Dornier 217 (one of Germany's principal twin-engined "heavies") was spotted by a Beaufighter which had been out on "Intruder" patrol at the time of the raid. On its way back to base, the Canadian pilot met the Dornier over the coast: his cannon shells set the bomber on fire and it crashed into the sea—just when the enemy pilot must have thought himself safe!

The NAVY'S NEW "POCKET" CARRIERS

AS THE SWORDFISH PILOT SEES THE CARRIER: He is lining up his aircraft 400 yards astern of the small flight-deck for "landing on." The vessel is steaming dead into wind

ONLY 20 YARDS TO GO. The Swordfish is hanging on its propeller and moving at not more than 60 knots. Note the "Bats" officer on the carrier's deck. He makes the signal to the pilot, "Carry on as you are"

ON THE BRIDGE OF ONE OF BRITAIN'S LATEST AND SMALLEST ESCORT CARRIERS. The control platform on this converted merchantman is no bigger than the cockpit of a motor torpedo boat! The Commanding Officer, Captain Guy Willoughby (on right) is an old Swordfish pilot; the Commander (Flying) is Major W. G. Ashton, of the Royal Marines (on left). He, too, is a fully qualified Naval pilot

A SWORDFISH GOING DOWN THE LIFT FROM THE FLIGHT-DECK. A second aircraft in charge of its crew is waiting behind. Note the extreme narrowness of the bridge (from which the ship is controlled) on the right-hand side of the deck

The "pocket" escort-carriers of the Royal Navy are the latest weapon in the Battle of the Atlantic: they are waging effective warfare against the U-boat packs. These vessels are, in reality, converted merchantmen, most of which are around 10,000 tons in size, and adapted in American ship-yards. Right along the length of the ship a flight-deck has been built which provides an adequate, if not excessive, landing space for the aircraft carried on board. The pictures given here were taken during flying operations with Swordfish aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm: they show how the aircraft land on the deck under the control of a Batsman, who is in charge of the actual operation, and whose orders must be carried out immediately. Flying at sea is always a hazardous business and landing calls for especial care

WHEN DOWNING STREET WAS (NEARLY) BOMBED

Two Pictures Taken During the Big Blitz in October 1940 Which Have Only Just Been Released for Publication

AFTER THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 17-18, 1940: The Treasury Building in Whitehall, next door to No. 10, Downing Street, wrecked by a German bomb whilst the Prime Minister was at supper at midnight

A CLOSER VIEW OF THE BOMBED TREASURY BUILDING, with A.R.P. personnel working amongst the debris. Twelve people were killed here: It has just been revealed in Quebec, by Mr. Brendan Bracken, Minister of Information, that during the big blitz on London in October 1940 the Prime Minister narrowly escaped a bomb. As all Londoners know, on the night of October 17-18, 1940, the Treasury building in Whitehall was hit: no pictures of it in its damaged state were published at that time, however. When the bomb fell, Mr. Churchill had just finished a Cabinet Meeting and was supping in the dining-room at No. 10 with Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary for Air, and Mr. Bracken (then the Premier's Parliamentary Private Secretary). The bomb fell less than 100 ft. from No. 10, on that side of the Treasury building which is separated from Downing Street only by a small courtyard. A few minutes later the Prime Minister went out to discover what damage had been done!

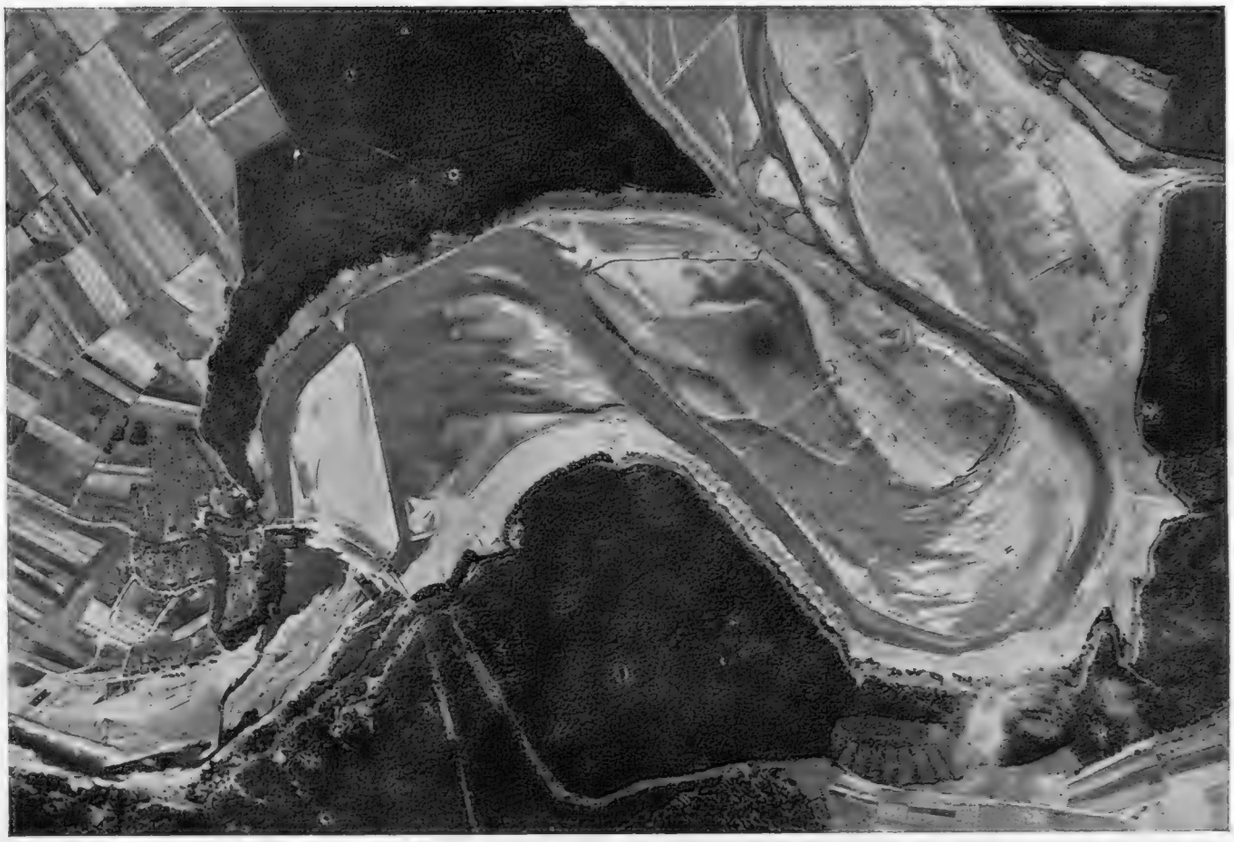
WHEN THE R.A.F. FOUND A NEW TARGET NEAR THE RUHR: The severe damage inflicted on the important machine and precision tools manufacturing town of Remscheid

With a population of about 107,000, Remscheid is not a big town in comparison with Essen or Dortmund: but its industrial importance is far greater than its size would suggest. Not only is half the town industrial, but it is one of Germany's main producers of machine tools and precision tools, which have to be made of special steel. On the last night of July, R.A.F. Bomber Command made a concentrated attack on the town; and reconnaissance photographs have revealed the nature of the considerable damage to steelworks and factories. The picture above shows the scene amongst the shops of the Bergische Stahlindustrie. This works manufactures special alloy forgings and parts for aircraft and aero-engines. Adjoining the works is the Main Railway Station, which has also sustained considerable damage. According to pilots who took part in the raid, the defences at Remscheid seemed light after those at other places

GERMANY AND THE EDER DAM

A New and Very Interesting Reconnaissance Picture

On the night of May 16-17, Bomber Command of the R.A.F. carried out one of its most outstanding raids of the war, when a force attacked the great Eder and Mohne Dams. As a result, parts of the Ruhr Valley were flooded and great damage was caused over a very wide area. Since then, reconnaissance pictures taken exactly two months after the attack and just released for publication show that the Germans have evidently made preparations to repair the breaches in the Dam walls. This, in itself, is strong evidence of the enormous importance attached to the Eder Dam by the enemy, since it means the diversion of men from other war work on Germany's already-strained labour front. The pictures given here indicate the present state of affairs. Apparently, a light railway has already been constructed, and a new camp has been built for the accommodation of the men who are to take part in the repair work



TWO MONTHS AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON THE EDER DAM. A new reconnaissance picture taken on July 17 which shows the Reservoir now completely dry. The huge area shown in white was once the big lake: the Dam is in the lower left hand, with the breach in it made by the bombers showing conspicuously

THIS IS AN ENLARGED PORTION TAKEN FROM THE UPPER PICTURE. At A the water carried by the River is draining through Number Two Power House. Preparations are apparently being made to repair the Dam, and in these early stages a light railway at B had been constructed; and there is a new hutted camp at C, probably for the men engaged on the work of repair

A TRICK PLAYED ON THE LOOK-OUTS DURING THE GREAT HEAT OF SUMMER: A FLEET OF "GHOST SHIPS" SAILS ALONG HIGH IN THE SKY, "ALMOST AS T
our artist, Mr. Montague Dawson, during his own service in the Mediterranean: it occurred on a still, sultry day which was painfully close and stuffy, and thei
sailors from this theatre of war

THE DIFFICULTY OF CATCHING ENEMY CRAFT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AT NIGHT. EVEN ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT IT IS POSSIBLE FOR VESSELS TO ASS
way to spot enemy ships is by the phosphorescent wake they leave behind: this tell-tale trail cannot be obliterated for a long time after the ship has sted,
ship's wake and thus point the way for the pursuing na ves

AS THEY WERE ON THE POINT OF CRASHING DOWN ON THE REAL SHIPS." This mirage was witnessed by the ships were visible for quite a long time. During recent weeks similar mirages have been reported by our

S TO ASS QUITE CLOSE TO EACH OTHER WITHOUT BEING SEEN. Naval observers have declared that the best has ted, especially if it is travelling at speed. When conditions are favourable, the moon will light up the g na vessels

NAVAL CONDITIONS in the MEDITERRANEAN SEA

Two Special Drawings, by Montague Dawson, in Illustration of the Curious Atmospheric Effects Experienced by our Warships in the Great Inland Sea

The Mediterranean Sea is, truly, a surprising place. In four years of uninterrupted war, the Royal Navy have learned quite a lot about it which they did not know before! It is the largest expanse of inland water in the world: consequently, despite being enclosed on all sides by the land, storms of great ferocity can rage across it in winter; in summer it can match the Indian Ocean or the Pacific for heat and mirages. Quite recently, in fact, there have been considerable discussions about the latter. Observers in North Africa have been witnessing surprising sights —"villages" out at sea, oases in the skies, and other curious phenomena. Our naval artist, Mr. Montague Dawson, who has served in these waters, himself witnessed the mirage depicted in the large drawing above. "It did not consist of houses upside down," he writes, "but ships sailing along high in the sky, almost as if they were on the point of crashing down on the real ships. It was a very still, sultry day, painfully close and stuffy, and the ghost ships were visible for quite a long time."

A mirage is, of course, an optical illusion: it is produced by reflection and refraction when successive layers of air have different temperatures and, in consequence, different densities. The most perfect examples are seen in the desert and on the sea. In the former, plains often look like lakes (as the men of the Eighth Army know from painful experience!), whilst on the sea images of ships are frequently experienced

The drawing reproduced below on the left provides one of the answers to the question: "How were the Germans able to escape from the island of Sicily?" Despite that the Navy was constantly on the alert to intercept the fleeing German and Italian craft, the passage to the mainland was very short, and—even more important—even on moonlit nights in the Mediterranean small craft can escape detection with comparative ease, either from the air or from other surface craft. The chief way to spot hostile craft by night is to watch for the tell-tale wake: in the Mediterranean this is usually phosphorescent. But craft of small tonnage, *moving very slowly*, leave no tell-tale wake in the moonlight and thus pass unseen. Lieut. Heckstall-Smith, R.N.V.R., the famous yachtsman, has told how one of our own invasion barges along the Libyan coast at night passed within *a few hundred yards* of a German U-boat without being spotted and this occasion was by no means unique!

MAPS FOR INVASION MADE FROM THE AIR

How a Photographic Reconnaissance Unit Carries Out a Highly Skilled Job

The success of an operation may well depend on the accuracy of the maps carried by, let us say, a Commando party: these maps may only be of a few miles of territory. If needs be they can be prepared in a few hours,

The aircraft of the Photographic Reconnaissance Units carry out one of the most dangerous and difficult tasks in all operational flying. In the case of the Americans, the plane generally used is the Lockheed P38, a fighter with twin tail booms, generally known as the "Lightning." They fly alone and completely unarmed, because the weight of guns and ammunition, plus the weight of the cameras, would detract too much from their speed.

As many as five different types of camera are carried, and some of them are stereoscopic: the lens size may vary from 5 in. to 40 in. in focal length. Such enormous magnifications are required because the pictures are taken—on an average—from six miles up: at this height the aircraft is both inaudible and invisible to observers on the ground! Pictures are now sometimes taken in colour, to reveal many things which black-and-white photography would fail to pick out. And there are other cameras which can be mounted in sets of three to take continuous strip pictures.

After the pictures have been flown back and developed, the prints are handed over to the map-making section. Then begins the laborious task of translating pictures into maps. But, with the aid of an array of extraordinary optical devices, the job is done with great speed.

The map-maker begins with a close scrutiny through the stereoscope to locate "control points," such as churches, or a farm, or cross-roads: by a method of triangulation other control points are then marked—roads, rivers, etc. Then the print goes under another ingenious machine known as a "stereo-comparograph": the operator follows the hills and folds in the ground, a coupled pen following his movements, so that the contours can be printed on the map later. The next stage is to make tiny lantern slides of the worked-over aerial print and then to project the slides stereoscopically on to a blank map form. On this a rough tracing is made from the projected image. A draughtsman then fills in the final details, and that form is then ready to be printed off

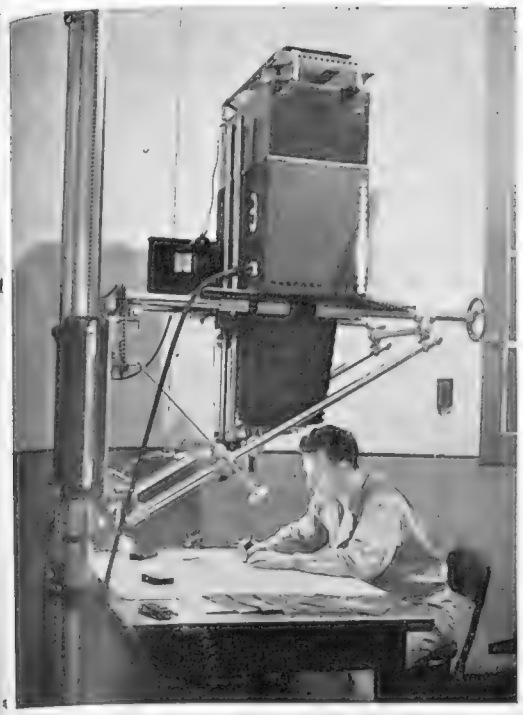
TWO CAMERAS USED BY AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE UNITS for aerial map-making. The larger has a telescopic 40-in. lens: the smaller is a hand camera

TWIN CAMERAS OF 24-IN. LENGTH, each of which can take a picture measuring 9 in. by 9 in. Five cameras can, if necessary, be carried in the Lockheed Lightning on its reconnaissance trips

EXAMINING AIR PHOTOGRAPHS THROUGH A STEREOSCOPE. By this means the pictures become almost lifelike, and differences in height can readily be detected by experts

THE SIX DIFFERENT TYPES OF CAMERA which are used for map-making over hostile territory: they range from the huge 40-in. telescopic lens (on left) to the small 6-in. hand camera (centre front)

This is the answer to the query—"How do the reconnaissance aircraft fly so far?" A supplementary petrol tank is being fitted to the underside of the aircraft's wing: when the fuel has been consumed, the empty tank is jettisoned. Two such tanks are usually carried by the Lightnings on their photographic missions



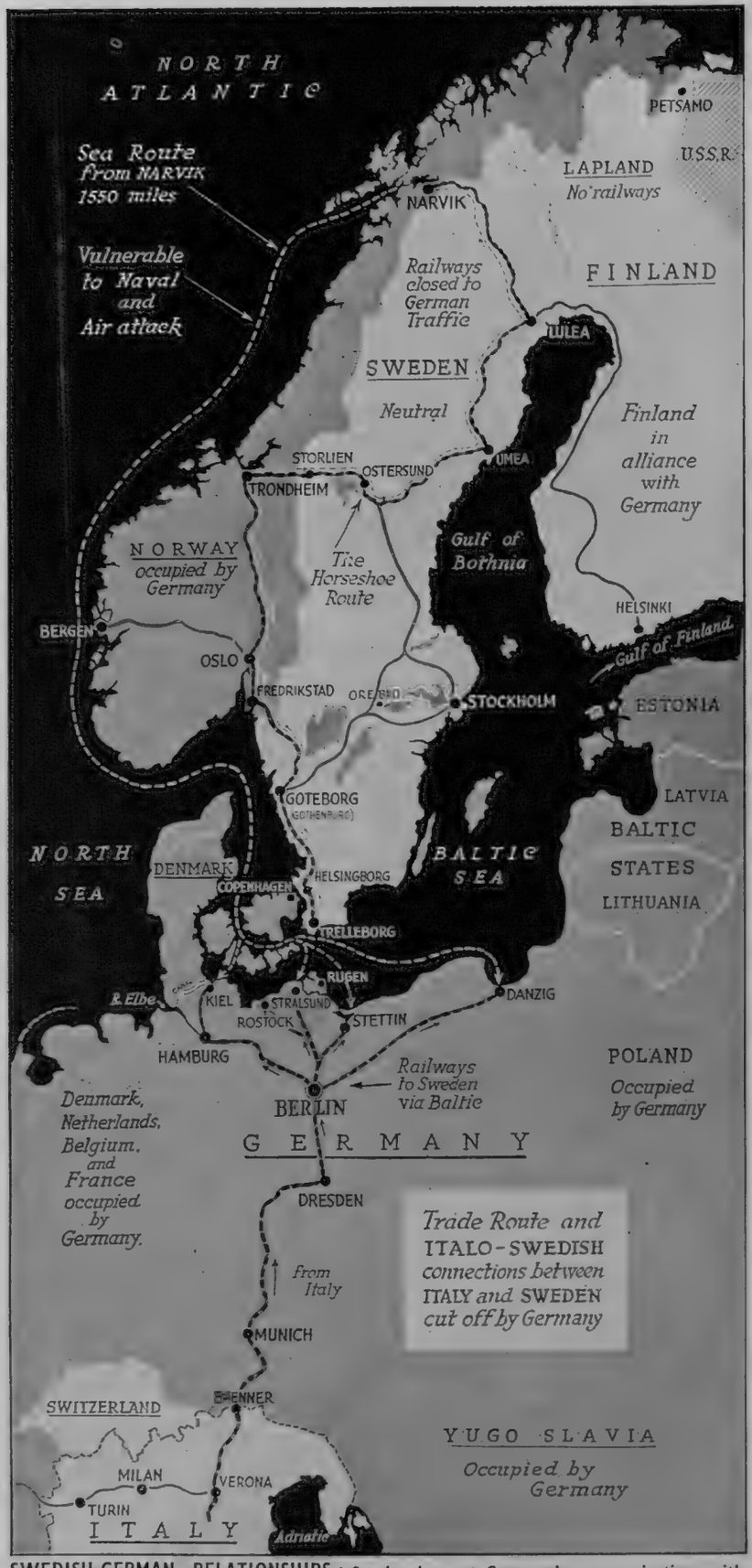
FLOTTING IN THE "CONTROL POINTS": The picture is projected down on to a rough map and the operator then fixes certain given points

THIS INSTRUMENT IS THE STEREO-COMPAROGRAPH. The operator is determining the heights of undulating territory: the pen at the right moves with the instruments, tracing in the contour lines which will be reproduced later on the map

SIX MEN SPRAWL OVER A FRENCH LANDSCAPE. From 6 miles up air pictures have been taken of the territory below, and these have been built up into a huge "photo-mosaic." The control points—such as churches, cross-roads, stations, etc.—are indicated here by pins. Later they will be used as focal points

TO PRODUCE THE PRINTS FROM THE NEGATIVES, huge automatic rotary machines are used. These are British made: they are capable of producing 900 prints an hour. Photographic officers are here examining the prints as they emerge from the machine

THE FIRST ROUGH TRACINGS FOR THE MAPS ARE MADE. The miniature lantern slides are in the bank of instruments above (called a "multiplex projector"). The image from the slides is projected downwards in two colours and viewed by the operator through spectacles coloured red and green: thus the image is seen stereoscopically



SWEDISH-GERMAN RELATIONSHIPS: Sweden has cut Germany's communications with the "garrisons" in Norway; Germany has retaliated by severing Sweden's trade imports from Italy. This diagram shows the complicated situation which has arisen owing to this double action *(see accompanying article)*

SWEDEN and ITALY—Some Strategic Considerations in Both Countries

With a Note on the Coming Food Crisis in the Countries which Fringe the Mediterranean Sea

ON August 5 Sweden took the important step of cancelling the permission for German troops to travel through Sweden on their way to and from Norway. No more war material was to be conveyed after August 20, and no transit of troops permitted after August 25.

The transit of troops and material was a very vital concession granted by the Swedish Government in June 1940. Strong protests were made by both the Norwegian and British Governments at this amazingly unneutral act, but Sweden replied that as war had ended in Norway by the retirement of the King and Government, she was merely permitting soldiers "mostly on leave" to travel, without carrying arms. As one correspondent remarked, the soldiers were so laden with provisions from Norway they had little opportunity to carry arms. Nothing was said then of the war material which has been persistently carried, and which is only now acknowledged. Tanks, planes, guns and general munitions have passed through Sweden to Oslo, the trains usually leaving late at night to avoid any comment. A Norwegian professor recently tried to excuse this assistance to the Germans, by saying that "when hostilities ended it was hoped that conditions would develop leading to the pacification of Norwegian territory"—in other words, to the complete subjection to Nazi domination. For over three years Germany has enjoyed the privilege of using Swedish railways to reach Oslo, Trondheim, Narvik and Finland. The routes used were from Trelleborg (in the south of Norway) through Gothenberg to Oslo, another to Lulea, at the north of the Gulf of Bothnia; and a third, which is known as the Horseshoe route, from Trondheim via Storlien and Ostersund in Sweden, round to Narvik. On this latter route it is suspected that very little supervision was maintained. For some months past Trelleborg has not been used, as the sea passage from Sassuitz, in Germany, became too dangerous from R.A.F. mines and Russian submarines. The Germans switched to the route via Denmark, across the ferry, to Helsingborg in Sweden, where trains loaded with war material were seen passing, much to the indignation of the Swedish people.

When Finland, urged on by Germany and her own self-interest, went to war with Russia, Sweden allowed a whole division of German troops and munitions to pass through Sweden. This "slight deviation of neutrality," as it was described, was not "a case of having taken sides in the German-British war," but merely a desire to aid Finland whom Germany was "protecting." Swedish volunteers were allowed to join in the Finnish struggle, but not to the extent which Germany desired, and food supplies were sent till Sweden's own dwindling store caused a reduction. The general feeling for Norway, the sister country, has been one of great sympathy, but no help was offered. Norway has been amazed that actual assistance was given to their ruthless enemy. As time went on and news of Nazi brutality became known, the pangs of conscience pricked more keenly, and the Government was constantly urged by the Press to stop the transit of German troops. But the Government remained firm to their neutrality which they had wrapped around them, and with that obliquity of vision which neutrality brings, insisted that their desire to live in peace and avoid the horrors of war was an absolutely right and proper attitude. The Foreign Minister, Herr Gunther, assured the people that they had no reason to indulge in self-criticism because they had been more fortunate than other nations, and they need not think they owed a debt of gratitude to other nations.

THE GERMAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN NORWAY is General Dietl, the only Austrian to hold high rank in the Wehrmacht. Above he is seen (on left) inspecting some of his men stationed on the coast of the icy Arctic Sea

In one particular Sweden maintained her independence. She refused to muzzle the Press, much to the indignation of Germany when Russian victories were proclaimed and German defeats in North Africa given prominence. As Allied victories have grown so has the insistence of the Press that it was dangerous to remain on unfriendly terms with Norway. Should an invasion occur, how would the Allies regard Sweden's non-neutral action over the transit question. They might declare it "an unfriendly act," and then where would Sweden be? They talked openly of the "Neutrality Swindle."

Now that Sweden is at last, certain that victory will ultimately go to the Allies, the Government has taken a stronger tone, and preparations against a possible German invasion taken. It is thought that Germany might invade Sweden if the Allies should land in Norway. The Swedish Army is well-trained and ready, supplied with excellent Bofors guns and tanks, and the Navy is now stronger than that of Germany. The Air Force is small but said to be efficient, equipped with new planes of good design. Retaliation was expected when Germany was informed that the transit permission was to be cancelled. Germany has already refused safe conduct for Swedish ships through the Western Baltic, and stopped all trade with Italy. Britain has allowed five Swedish ships a month, under "navicerts," to trade with South America, where she obtained such essentials as wool, cotton, coffee and cattle fodder.

NEIGHBOURS OF SWEDEN: President Ryti (on right) and Field-Marshal Mannerheim, Finland's two biggest figures, with Hitler when the latter paid a surprise visit to that country. Both Mannerheim and Ryti are strongly pro-Nazi and anti-Soviet

It has just transpired that Germany has been abusing the permission for "Courier" planes to travel from Germany to Norway and Finland, so grossly that Sweden has made a new set of rules, allowing only unarmed civilians to travel on them. The Swedish Press is indignant about this—"Everyone knows that although it goes under a civilian guise, it is of military importance." The Swedish Government, however, still moves cautiously and insists that the Transit concession must not be interpreted as taking sides in the present world conflict, which is regarded as a matter between the Great Powers.

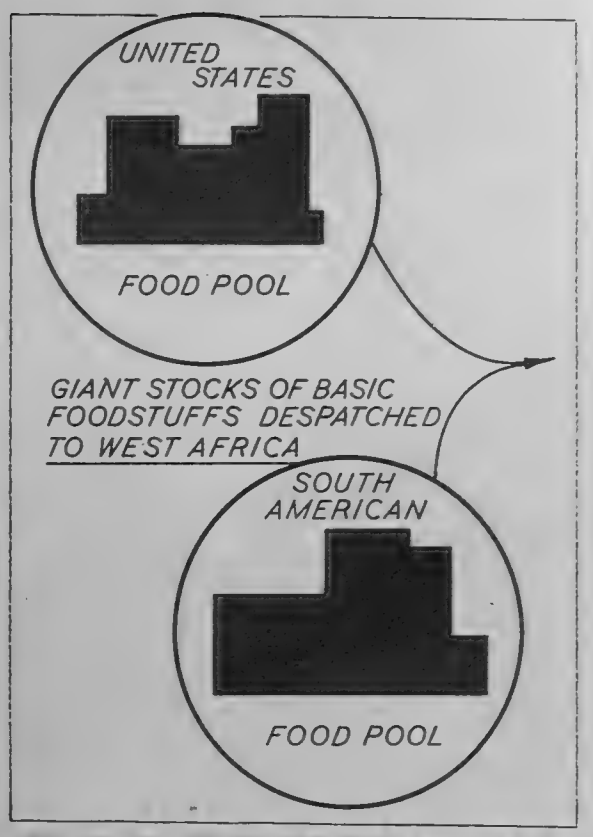
In the WAKE of the AXIS

When we Begin the Huge Task of Restoring Civilised Life around the Fringes of Europe

THE mills of the German war machine grind exceeding small. Recently the liberation of a few thousand French war prisoners was arranged, on condition that an equal number of factory workers went to Germany. All the prisoners liberated had been bauxite (aluminium ore) miners in peacetime. All the workers required were conscripted from French aluminium plants. The apparent benefit to France was thus really a double one for Germany—providing more raw materials for her alloy factories, and more skilled slave-workers to deal with it. In such thorough fashion is Germany squeezing and resqueezing every yard of territory in her grasp.

Once we strike at the European mainland it is quite certain the Nazis will quite callously remove all civilian food supplies from areas in the path of our forces. To see that food supplies will be available without loss of an unnecessary day will be the work of the recently-created United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. The function of this body will be to act as an international "food bank."

SOME OF THE COUNTRIES WHICH WILL REQUIRE FOOD FROM BRITAIN AND AMERICA as soon as the war ceases. Some of them have, so far, not played an active role in the war: nevertheless they, as well as the invaded territories, will expect to be fed by the Allies



THESE ARE THE TWO BIG FOOD POOLS from which the supplies will have to come via West Africa—the South and North Americas

Stocks are already being built up in North and South America against the day of liberation. The job is not so impossible as it sounds, for the Empire alone usually produces far more wheat than it eats. In the slump years of 1936-37 Argentina also used to leave over 2,000,000 acres of wheat and 5,000,000 acres of maize unreaped! With diminished imports into Europe during the war, it has been possible to build up large stocks of the basic foods—grain and oil-seeds—in the Western Hemisphere. The food exists to relieve all the distress in Europe and Asia as fast as the ships can carry it there.

Admittedly the policy has some drawbacks from the viewpoint of the Englishman at home. It is inconvenient to become used to "off-white" bread, because some of the wheat (and shipping) which formerly came to us is now diverted to Morocco, Algeria, Egypt or Persia. At the same time the plan has its compensations. The food producers of South America have seen their normal export business vanish. Every shipload we can take from their huge surpluses of primary produce helps to maintain their industrial economy and goodwill for the Allies. Nor do we want to add to our burdens by permitting famine and pestilence to get a grip in Europe and the Old World. As far as that goes, a food shipment in time may save nine.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THESE? Only a very few weeks before Rome began to declare her "open-ness," this picture arrived from Italy by way of a neutral country. It shows a battery of Italian anti-aircraft guns which were then being mounted "on the outskirts" of the city. At that moment, Italy was obviously intending "to fight it out." Now that Rome has been declared an open city by Badoglio, it is to be presumed that these guns have been withdrawn!

On right—For military purposes, Italy's railways are poor—and vulnerable. By the nature of the country's geographical formation, all run north and south; all have been hit hard by the R.A.F. during recent days and weeks. But, in the years since the last war, Italian motor roads have been developed to such an extent that it is not unlikely that they will take the place of the railways for the Allied armies of invasion: there are no finer autostrada in Europe to-day. The accompanying map indicates the chief of them: it will be perceived that most lie along the coast, but this will not prove a hindrance to the invading powers, as the command of the seas is theirs! A typical view on an Italian highway is given below: it shows the breadth and straightness of these fine roads

ITALY'S HUGE AUTOSTRADA, which may have to take the place of railways when Invasion comes to that country. The principal road systems are indicated here (see *notes in box at left*)

THE SICILIAN REACTIONS TO THE ALLIED ARMIES OF OCCUPATION

And their Outspoken Opinions of the Fallen Mussolini and of the Discredited Fascist System
—*With a Special* Sphere *Drawing of a Taormina Scene*

THE SPIRIT OF ITALY! It may well be asked whether Italy really has her heart in the war when scenes like this take place. These soldiers came out smiling, to surrender to patrols of the Eighth Army after the fall of the city of Catania

CHURCHILL IN SICILY: "A lot of leaflets have been dropped around here by your Air Force," said young Antoinetta Campenello, of Vizzini (here seen with her daughter, Mimmo, aged two). "We read them and changed our opinion about the English. And then we always used to listen to the B.B.C. Your Colonel Stevens is a wonderful man. We used to get all our news from him, in Italian, and pass it round"

A startling eye-opener on the outlook and sentiments of the Sicilian population was a trip round the conquered island recently undertaken by a cameraman of the Army Film and Photographic Service. Accompanied by an interpreter, he visited many of the towns and villages in the territory now occupied by our troops. He talked with policemen, housewives, lawyers and labourers — asking them all for their true feelings about Fascism, the Allied occupation and Mussolini, the fallen Dictator. The universal dislike of Fascism and what it stood for was surprising, especially coming from a people who have remained apparently quiescent under its rule for twenty-two years.

"We don't want to be ruled by the same people after the war. We've had enough of those Fascists," said moustachioed, sixty-six-year-old Raimondo Gaetano, of Scordia. "Some have been taken away after we'd watched them burning papers in the street. But there are still some free. Even during the war there has been plenty of food in Sicily; but it went to the local Fascist chiefs to deal out. Their families had plenty; ours didn't. But to get any food at all—even to get work—you had to pretend to be a good Fascist"

"From doctor to peasant woman," declares the cameraman, "great reliance is placed throughout Sicily on the Italian broadcasts of the B.B.C. and on the leaflets dropped by the R.A.F.—the only means by which the Sicilians have been able to follow the true course of the war." Some of the photographs reproduced here were taken during the course of this tour of the island, during visits to all and sundry amongst the Sicilian towns and villages

THE FIRST MEN TO ENTER THE FAMOUS COASTAL BEAUTY SPOT OF TAORMINA AFTER THE GERMANS HAD FLED: A couple of war correspondents, who arrived before the main British forces, being plied with champagne and beer by the happy citizens on the terrace of a café in the Piazza Nove Aprile—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

...most the last full personal narrative from Sicily, describing the conquest of the island, came from ...couple of adventurous British war correspondents who pushed ahead of the Eighth Army ...e eastern shore and found themselves in "an eerie vacuum" between two armies. They made ...r way towards the town of Taormina, which glimmered through the summer heat haze ...some fairy palace set on a magic mountain. First they had to traverse the full length of Giardini ...ge—"surely the longest in existence": at last they got on to the winding carriage road ...h leads up to the southern part of Taormina. In their impatience to reach the spot, they struck ...the footpath, a short cut known to many tourists. The heat was tremendous, and soon ...r shirts were wet through. Arrived at the top, they promptly collapsed on to a low parapet. Instantly they were surrounded by welcoming townsfolk, who led them off to the nearest café —in the Piazza Nove Aprile, towards which the pathway leads. Once seated, the correspondents were plied with champagne and warm beer. They preferred the beer to the champagne, which in the first excitement was splashed all over the place. As they settled down in the cool of the upper air (800 ft. above sea level) an Italian officer appeared: he desired to surrender with his men! He said that a British major had arrived, apparently without any supporting force. Arms linked with the townsfolk and to the music of a mandolin, the correspondents went in search of the said major. Thus it may be said that Taormina, with its smart hotels and villas, was first "occupied" by the representatives of the Press!

Sergeant-Major in the Carabinieri is **Trusso Francesco, of Messina.** Voicing the opinion of the Island Police, he said: "We were all annoyed at Mussolini, because he was praising our Italian Air Force, and saying how strong and powerful it was—and now we never see it! As for the Navy, we're beginning to realise that it isn't quite the same as we used to see it in the pictures!

"Everybody talks a lot about the big convoys of your Army that go through this town. With your men and equipment, it shouldn't take you long to beat the Germans." That is the opinion of another Sicilian policeman—**Cataldo Salvators, of the Civil Police of Buccheri.** Like others of his profession, he is now actively co-operating with the Allied forces on the island

Cecchini Santo, a cobbler in the village of Buccheri, has three of his seven sons serving in the Army. "Mussolini should have resigned twenty years ago," he said. "I'd like to slit his throat for making my sons fight—especially against the British. But I'm hoping they will soon be home again, now that you've come." That seems to be the general impression—and hope—in Sicily at the present moment!

PIGEONS on ACTIVE SERVICE

Why Modern War Makes More Use Than Ever of These Remarkable Birds

ABOUT breakfast-time on Wednesday, August 19, 1942, a pigeon fluttered on to the landing of a loft somewhere in the South of England. It brought the first news of the landing at Dieppe, averaging over 50 m.p.h. through the flak-infested skies of the Channel.

For security reasons, radio could not be used, so two pigeons were released with the same message. One was hit immediately, but the other survived and won through.

Despite all the advances of short-wave radio, high-speed planes and cars, the pigeon still remains the "dispatch-rider" par excellence. Many thousands of birds (many more probably than in the last war) are in the service of the British forces, for their owners, led by the King (who has several first-class lofts), promptly offered the services of themselves and their birds at the outset of the war. A special branch, the Carrier-Pigeon Service, was formed in the Royal Corps of Signals for them. In the case of one or two of the very finest lofts, the whole outfit joined up, the loft itself becoming a military establishment for the duration. Birds have been known to average 70 m.p.h. over short distances, and 50 m.p.h. for well over a hundred miles.

Most Service airfields have their own lofts, and most bombers carry at least one pigeon in a special container. This is rather like an aluminium biscuit-tin, with an aperture in one side through which the bird has access to a food-trough. Birds often make many trips with one crew, with whom they become quite familiar. The bird's container is taken aboard the dinghy if the bomber crashes at sea, and released with a message giving the last position known to the navigator.

The pigeon-loft is now an important feature of many aerodromes. Though originally "staffed" by pigeons loaned by fanciers, an increasing number are now bred at the airfields.

Many R.A.F. pigeons have a fine record of "ops." Some of the little fellows with their natural R.A.F. blue uniforms have made up to seventy or more trips in bombers. Sometimes they are wounded by flak while in their aircraft. One bird had part of its beak removed by a shell splinter which struck the Halifax in which it was flying. Under the skilled care of the W.A.A.F. loft attendant it soon recovered and grew a passable new beak. Carriers become quite used to medical attention: they get a weekly examination, and at some lofts a weekly dose of castor oil at the same time. The birds are surprisingly sensible. Pigeons are, however, very susceptible to paratyphoid, particularly if they are stationed in sub-tropical countries. A special vaccine has been developed to safeguard the birds against this infection and periodical inoculations are given. After a long flight, a drink of warm sugar and water is the usual prescription. The relationship between the birds and their keepers is a very close one. By studying their likes and fancies very much can be gained. In racing days, for example, it was an old dodge to race a cock bird which was courting a hen. Love lent added speed to the bird as it raced back to the loft!

Besides the R.A.F., there are several other official users of pigeons. The Ministry of Food, until recently, had several thousand birds in strategically situated lofts. They were intended to maintain communications should the need arise.

The Army, of course, has a very large number of birds indeed. Army birds are distinguishable by the brightly coloured (usually red) celluloid leg-band. Both ordinary troops and paratroops may carry pigeons.

A big loft may contain several thousands of birds. At the same time, the very best ones, which are likely to be used on operational flights, are the product of great skill and patience. That they should be shot down in mistake for wood-pigeons, as sometimes they are, is a very serious matter. Experienced sportsmen are not likely to make the mistake. The less experienced shot should think before shooting. A single bird flying alone may not be a carrier; on the other hand, it may well be. The loss of one bird for the bag is a small matter compared with possible loss of a message and lives. The amateur should remember that if he ever sees a pigeon presenting an easy shot, flying straight over him in full view, that is the bird he must not shoot, for it almost certainly will *not* be a wild one.

Dougal Gordon

APART FROM THE R.A.F., THE ARMY TOO ARE USING CARRIER-PIGEONS. When used by paratroops, the pigeons are employed to carry back important messages to Headquarters which otherwise could only be transmitted *in clear* by radio—which would be disastrous on missions where secrecy might be essential—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

MAKING THE BASKETS FOR THE BOMBER PIGEONS. Mr. Harry Dallaway is eighty years old, but he is still working for the war effort. He holds a Government contract to make baskets for the pigeons carried by the R.A.F. He does all the work himself, at his own "factory" near his cottage at Herne Bay, where this picture was taken a few days ago. Mr. Dallaway has been making these wicker-work containers for some sixty years

TWO SECRETS of the WAR REVEALED

THE R.A.F.'S "FLYING MAGNET": a three-year-old secret revealed. For three years now, men of a special Wellington squadron have been flying aircraft known as "Flying Magnets," or "Wedding Ring Wimpeys" ("Wimpey" is the R.A.F. nickname for the Wellington). Their task is to clear ports and harbours of enemy mines: this is done by passing a high-voltage current through the "ring" built round the aircraft, and thus exploding the mine below. The ring weighs two-and-a-quarter tons, and is suspended from the wings and fuselage in the manner shown in the two pictures above, released for publication only a few days ago

THE CUMBERSOME EFFECT OF THE 50-FT. ELECTRIC RING may be observed in this picture. The ring weighs more than two-and-a-quarter tons, but does not affect the flying qualities of the Wellington, except to require a longer take-off run

A REPAIR SHIP MANNED BY ROYAL ENGINEERS. The diving bell is lowered over the ship's side. During a visit to a north-western port, a party of correspondents were recently shown over a ship manned by personnel of a "Port Repair and Construction Group" of the R.E.s. This is fitted out for work in ports, and is equipped—amongst other things—with a complete welding bench below deck. Many of the crew have had Merchant Navy experience, and nautical terms are used on board; although all hold purely Army rank. The ship's captain, Major Grimes, was a Lieut.-Commander in the last war

A BUSY SCENE IN THE WORKSHOP IN THE SHIP'S HOLD. The equipment is all of the most up-to-date kind, and quite big repair jobs can be carried out by the Engineer personnel

WHEN BRIGHTON WAS A TARGET FOR THE NAZI BOMBERS: Two pictures of the damage wrought during a recent attack

During a sharp and concentrated enemy raid on Brighton, the bombers raked railway coaches outside the station with fire from their cannon-guns, and one bomb damaged the arch in the great viaduct which crosses the town. Fighter-bombers took part in the raid, and they came in low from the sea. A number of people were killed, but three of the raiders were brought down by anti-aircraft fire and a fourth was destroyed by an R.A.F. fighter. The picture on the left shows the damaged viaduct (known to all visitors to Brighton and a prominent feature of the town) and the way in which rails and sleepers were left spanning the gap: that on the right shows the damaged railway coaches outside the station

TAKING OVER THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES

How the Civil Affairs Administrators are Being Trained Near London for Their New and Important Jobs. Described by CHARLES GRAVES

SITUATED on the outskirts of London is a girls school which now houses large numbers of officers. This in itself is not unusual, but the officers are. They include senior officers from the Police Force, Civil Defence and National Fire Services, doctors, surgeons, local government officials, colonial administrators, as well as professional men and industrialists. They are being trained to perform duties in connection with the military administration of liberated territories and of occupied countries during the period of military government.

The name "A.M.G.O.T." has now been changed to Civil Affairs. A.M.G.O.T. stood for Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories. That is still the object in view, and the title Civil Affairs automatically gives rise to a misconception of the true nature of the activities for which students are being prepared, for they are essentially military in character, beginning in the planning stage and continuing throughout the initial assault and subsequent phases of active military operations.

The Army, Air Force and Navy have been aware for some weeks past that officers in the late forties were being required for this job, and the Staff Centre at this girls' school was inaugurated last February. At the moment the third course is being completed.

The age limits of the students are thirty-five and fifty-five. The courses are intensive. Instruction is grouped into four main categories, and is given to all students: (1) Military instruction; (2) organisation and methods of administration of civil affairs; (3) instruction of a general nature under various functional headings; (4) economic and cultural background of selected countries of Europe, their system of administration and local government.

The students, after being recommended for this new branch of the Army, have all to go before a Selection Board. The minimum rank is that of captain, and I understand that students who pass the course are likely to be promoted almost immediately to the rank of major or even colonel.

The official policy is complete dissociation from either politics or "with the advocacy of this ism or that ism." The need for this new branch of the Army has long been foreseen. It is evident that civil administration problems, as the Allied armies progressively advance both in Europe and the Far East, will be very different from those of previous campaigns. The consequences of total war, the ruthless exploitation of the economic resources of the countries now occupied by the enemy, the forced migrations of many millions of people of different nationalities, the damage and destruction incidental to combined operations of sea, air and land forces, the extreme debilitation and critical psychological condition of the civilian population, suffering from prolonged want, repression and anguish of mind, present factors of vastly greater dimensions than those with which our armies were confronted when we entered the Rhineland in 1918.

Civil Affairs officers who set foot on the shores of Europe with the advance guard of the Army will have to discover immediately the physical and mental state of the population, and the nature of the refugee problem. They will be confronted with acute disorganisation and chaos, refugees, homeless people, lost people, quislings, and a certain number of spies left deliberately behind.

As military operations continue, responsibility for the civil administration in the area immediately concerned must rest upon the Commander-in-Chief. His first and continued pre-occupation, however, must be the fulfilment of his mission—in other words, to locate, engage and destroy the enemy. He must, therefore, be relieved of all detail and of all anxiety in connection with the civil population. This demands the availability of a trained staff for the organisation of civil administration. This staff will have to set to work to re-establish authority, set up law and order, and find the right men whom they can assist to reorganise the life of the village, rural district or township involved. This may be no easy matter, as one can assume that the enemy, in his withdrawal, will adopt a scorched earth policy. The local police force, therefore, must be recreated; agriculture and industry must be encouraged to provide food and the products necessary for the maintenance of the daily life of the inhabitants, as well as to supply the army of liberation with its requirements.

Transportation of food and other essentials by water, rail or road must be organised; fuel and power must be produced. In particular, medical, public health and engineering services must be organised. The bombing, shelling and sabotage are bound to damage water supplies, with the consequent danger of epidemics. Postal services must be re-established; the local newspapers must be encouraged to reappear, so that the inhabitants can read and hear the truth in their own newspapers, written in their own tongue by their own people. Local radio stations will presumably be another responsibility of the Civil Affairs officers; and it goes without saying that the Civil Defence and Fire Fighting Services must be brought quickly into operation.

As I have said, consideration of these problems has been proceeding for some time. Indeed, special joint committees of Government and Service Departments were set up months ago in Washington as well as in London. In the United States there is a School of Military Government established by the U.S. Army at Charlottesville. Its naval equivalent is at Columbia University, and the closest contact is maintained between them and the British Civil Affairs Staff Centre for the exchange of students, instructors and training memoranda. Similar training centres have been established in North Africa and in the Middle East to deal with the problems peculiar to the under-belly of the Axis.

Officers who graduated from Charlottesville, together with former instructors and qualified students who were at the British Staff Centre a month or two ago, are already serving in the Mediterranean theatre of war. Others are waiting to be posted overseas. Civil Affairs officers, for example, landed with the first waves of the assault troops in Sicily. Since the attack was launched, their numbers were reinforced daily by the arrival of other officers.

To-day, the Civil Affairs Staff Centre is under the directorate of Civil Affairs at the War Office, and its students comprise serving officers of the British Army who are just too old for the speed of modern warfare, but not too old for this new branch of the Services; groups from the forces of the Dominions of Canada and South Africa, of the U.S. Army and Navy; and representatives of our European Allies. In this way the objects of the British and American Governments to bring help and render all assistance to the peoples of our Allies now under the yoke of the Axis Powers in Europe or the Far East are made clear.

The representatives of our Allies and the Canadian and South African Army officers are nominated by their own authorities. British student officers are recruited partly from the Services and partly from civil life.

Students and instructors mess together. The majority of them live in the Centre, but some are billeted out. The high standard of the courses is shown by the names of the lecturers. Sir Ernest Speed and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton have lectured on finance and economics; Professor Brierly on international law; Sir F. Leith-Ross is one of several distinguished men who have spoken on relief; Dr. Melville Mackenzie has lectured on public health; Brig.-General Sir H. O. Mance on transportation; Mr. A. Gunn on labour supply; Sir W. Spens on civil defence and fire services; Mr. Duckworth Barker on broadcasting; and Lord Hankey on general topics.

Emphasis is laid throughout on the following points: (1) Civil Affairs administration serves primarily a military purpose; (2) the situation will be widely different in enemy and reoccupied Allied territories respectively; for instance, in the latter, representatives of the National Governments will be welcome as advisers and the administration will be handed over to the National authorities as soon as military exigencies allow; (3) as regards high policy, C.A. officers are in a position of military officers, bound to carry out the policy of their Governments: not to apply policies of their own; (4) and, most important of all, the duty of Civil Affairs officers will not be to do things themselves so much as to get local people to do them.

Revelation of the advanced stages reached by this new branch of the Army will probably create much wishful thinking among the public on the subject of a speedy termination of the war. It was, therefore, a timely reminder from Mr. Brendan Bracken in Quebec that the war will still be long and bitter.

A SCENE IN SICILY AFTER THE ALLIED OCCUPATION: A discussion on administration in the oddly-named little town of Misterbianco. The nun in the centre is acting as interpreter between the Mayor of the town and a British officer. Throughout the island the Sicilians have taken very kindly to their new military and civilian administration

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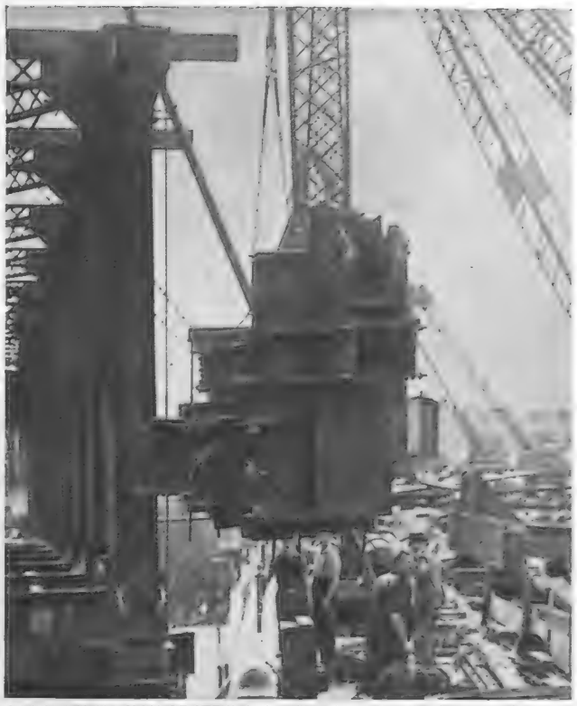
THE IRON BRIDGE AT WATERLOO DISAPPEARS

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRIDGE AFTER THE ROADWAY HAD BEEN REMOVED. Workmen are seen clearing the steel girders so that they can be cut up for salvage



A SIX-TON SECTION OF STEEL being lifted out bodily for transference and conversion into war munitions

PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY ON TOP OF THE OLD STEEL WATERLOO BRIDGE a workman uses an oxy-acetylene lamp on the framework. Demolition of the steel framework of the temporary Waterloo Bridge—which served London for a period of seventeen years—has now begun. It is to be cut up by oxy-acetylene lamps into short lengths for removal, and is expected to yield 3,000 tons of steel for munitions. The middle span of 280 ft. will be a big problem, because it is made of tougher and heavier steel than the rest of the bridge. The steel is being sent to arms works as each section is removed, and long before the final section is cut the steel already despatched will have been converted into tanks, guns and bombs

THE APPROACH TO THE BRIDGE FROM THE STRAND END HAS NOW GONE. The demolition work was begun on August 21 and the bridge is now fast disappearing

HOW THE PEOPLE OF DOVER CARRY ON: A warning notice posted in the town. But the buses run despite the shells, and the inhabitants refuse to be intimidated by the guns

"ALERT! TAKE SHELTER!" The warning has sounded in Canterbury, and the children are hurrying to the shelter. In the foreground is the Church of the Holy Cross: You might ride along any one of the bus routes of the East Kent Road Car Company on the Kent and Sussex coast and not know that there was a war on. The company maintains its own Home Guard—two complete transport companies which include 130 vehicles and complete staff of cooks, riflemen, grenadiers, motor cyclists and ambulance men and nurses. It is known as the East Kent Transport Column. During the evacuation from Dunkirk the buses worked night and day for days on end carrying tired men from the beaches. Tens of thousands were brought back from the sea in three days. Quite a number of employees have already been killed in Dover as the result of enemy action. Three or four times as many more have been wounded. Nearly all the company's garages have been hit, and three have been blown to bits. Yet the buses still run and the staff still carries on. Eighty-one of them, men and women, live in well-bombed Dover, from whose streets, amongst other things, you can see the German batteries flash as they send huge shells lumbering over. Yet when the bus company offered to evacuate the staff and their families to an inland village and pay all their expenses, seventy-nine out of the eighty-one said they would not budge from Dover

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

GLIMPSES AT OTHER LANDS

Russia and China of To-day; Peru of the Incas; New York Mysteries and Fantasies; Comedy Down on the Farm

MR. A. F. TSCHIFFELY states his aims clearly in the preface of his new book when he writes: "If I have succeeded in giving a simple, yet vivid, scrupulously accurate and clear picture of the conquest of Peru and what led to it, and have produced a book both young and old people—no matter what creed or nationality—can read with equal interest, my aim will have been achieved."

For its accuracy I am not qualified to vouch, but for its clarity and certainly for its vigour I can speak as an enthusiastic reader. CORICANCHA—GARDEN OF GOLD (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is throughout a tale of fighting and campaigning. It has been written in the simplest form—a feat in itself where the records of history are so involved—and I would recommend it as sincerely to the young as to the more jaded.

WHEN A GERMAN BOMB FELL NEAR DOWNING STREET. As noted on page 302 of this issue, in October 1940 a German bomb wrecked the Treasury Building in Whitehall near No. 10. This is some of the damage it caused in the Prime Minister's official residence a short distance away. The room above was covered in dust: but the portrait of Lord Baldwin still remained securely in place!

Pizarro's epic has been told before, though perhaps not with such dramatic brevity. Here is, his landing on the coast of Peru, with only a few hundred soldiers, in an attempt to establish friendly relations with the rulers of the Inca Empire, and his return to Spain for more help. It was only when the King of Spain saw the material result of Pizarro's voyage, in the shining gold, that he realised the wealth and importance of the new continent, and gave his consent to his return.

However, Pizarro and his fellow adventurer, Almagro, had still to find the finance for their new attempt, and this had to be provided privately. They finally returned to conquer the Incas by force. Battle after battle was fought and the Emperor himself captured, but at the height of the Spanish successes the Spaniards turned against each other and trouble began. There were years of fighting to follow, both among themselves and against the natives, who grew stronger as the invaders grew weaker. Finally, a new Governor was sent over, and achieved some measure of control. The gold and treasures have been lost or stolen, but Peru took its place as a civilised community.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE GIRL (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) is one of this week's most interesting discoveries. It has been written by Miss Hsieh Ping-Ying, and describes her own struggles, the fight of a modern Chinese girl against old traditions.

Hsieh Ping-Ying was the youngest of a family of five. Her father was a scholar and a Confucian; her mother the most important person in their village. The mother's beliefs were founded on those very traditions, and she expected implicit obedience from her children, even when they were adults. When the girl was eight years old, her mother bound up her feet; from now until she was eighteen she must sit in her room and embroider her trousseau. But Hsieh Ping-Ying was a rebel. Her father had taught her to read, and she persuaded her parents to let her go to the village school, where she was the only girl, and later to boarding school. It was during this phase of her life that she unbound her feet—a symbolical start to her new life. The headmaster at that school was a great educationist, and from him she learned modern methods of hygiene as well as Western culture. When she left school, one of her brothers helped her to join the Communist Army, and with them she fought the war-lords on the Northern Front. When the Kuomintang and the Communist Party split, the Army was disbanded, and she was forced to turn home, where her mother had stoically prepared for her wedding. With her new independence, she refused to marry the man her parents had chosen for her, and after three attempts, escaped from what was virtually a prison life at home.

She was later arrested by the Kuomintang authorities, but her brothers secured her release from them, and got her a post as a teacher in a big school. Eventually, she reached Shanghai, where she hoped to start a new life. Her story expresses graphically, and with a kind of passion, the gradual rebirth of China as a great modern Power and the fundamental conflict between the old and new order. It is to the strong, young, new order that Hsieh Ping-Ying emphatically belongs.

The Stalin prize novel for 1943 is RAINBOW (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.). It is a book of stark horror, written with immense, sober power and describing what happens in a Ukrainian village, occupied by the Germans during a few days in winter. Only women and old people have been left behind, all peasants. The one exception is Pussy, the renegade wife of a Red Army soldier, who betrays her people by living with Kurt Werner, the German commander.

The middle-aged Olena, one of the guerillas fighting in the near-by forest, comes into the village to have her baby, and is stripped and tortured, but refuses to betray the guerillas. The Germans have imported their own head man for the village, a White Russian, who finds no co-operation among his former countrymen.

The story moves in an unrelenting crescendo of horror; the Germans shoot a boy for taking food to Olena; her baby is born and both she and the child are killed; the White Russian is strangled and thrown down a well by the villagers; the Red Army arrives and kills every individual German; Pussy is shot by her own husband, and Werner, the commander, is killed by a girl hostage.

Throughout this book one has the feeling that the miseries of the Russian villagers are hardly greater than the sufferings of their German conquerors, who cannot endure the winter cold, and who dare not leave their huts for fear of stray shots or invisible guerillas. The rare moments of pleasure are sordid, barren and unpleasurable. Here is war at its most hideous.

William Saroyan has been described as "Unstoppable, unpredictable and undisciplined" in his writing for the stage. Three of his new plays which have been published in the same volume under the title of THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE (Faber. 7s. 6d.) bear out this definition quite faithfully. The title play is chiefly about a little girl who sets a good deal of store by mice, who, she imagines, understand and return her affection. The second play, *Sweeney in the Trees*, has the even more fantastic theme of a man who advertises that he has a job to offer, and then tells the applicants that their only job is to kick around the money which he throws in handfuls on the floor, and to enjoy themselves.

The third play concerns a group of drunks, socially conscious cloak-room girls, and expectant mothers, in a small restaurant in New York. From all of which it should be easy to see that there is nothing conventional about Mr. Saroyan, nothing humdrum about his construction and nothing too continuous about his train of thought. He is, in fact, something new in the theatre, and his plays must lose a great deal by being studied through the cool, detached medium of print.

THE SO BLUE MARBLE (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) is one of those mysteries sprinkled more than lavishly with murders. In fact, I confess to a vague irritation about the behaviour of the characters in such stories, who never, even after the ninth dripping dagger, or, in this case, sword-stick, think of calling in the police. I had thought that that was mainly what the police were for.

Miss Dorothy B. Hughes disagrees to the extent of arranging five or six (fictional) murders, and revealing the presence of the detective only within a page or two of the end. Up to this time beautiful women have been going in fear of their lives under the very eyes of their loving husbands, and no one has done anything about it.

The marble itself is supposed to contain a map of a hidden cache containing fabulous riches and secrets of how to control natural forces. The very kind of marble, in fact, to inspire crooks to great and fantastic efforts. Two of these malefactors are cut to a new pattern: immaculately dressed playboy twins in their dangerous twenties, whose elegant canes contain, as well as the swords, poison gas and darts.

With the addition of a few little details like this, and a background of New York life, Miss Hughes gives us an entertaining, if an incredible [illegible]

The Women's Land Army was in need of a scribe and commentator, and has found a witty one in Miss Barbara Whitton, whose novel, GREEN HANDS (Faber. 7s. 6d.), is a kind of diary covering a year's work on the land. Barbara and Ann are two girls pitchforked into this new kind of life from comfortable and not particularly hard-working homes, and the story is of their adjustments, made with varying degrees of success, to life on a farm in Scotland that is both far from comfortable and far from any other habitation. They arrive in the middle of the winter to find that their programme includes rising at 5.30, and working until dark chiefly on mangolds and sugar-beet.

THE RETURN OF ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN TO NEW YORK. On his return to America, Archbishop Francis J. Spellman gave an interview to the Press, when the above picture was taken. The Archbishop covered a distance of 45,585 miles, mainly by air, during the course of which he visited Africa, the Mediterranean and Britain; and, of course, also paid a greatly publicised visit to the Vatican in Rome

They are joined by another girl, the gay but often inefficient Pauline, who is yet able to stand the hard life better than Ann. When Barbara and Pauline have finished their work on one farm, they are transferred to a more pleasant district in the south, where Barbara takes over the milk round as well as her other work on the farm.

There is a clear and pleasant picture here of the farmer and his wife, the men, the customers and the man who falls in love with Barbara. The author seems to have made no attempt at a finished story, but she has written with a young gaiety that holds one's attention.

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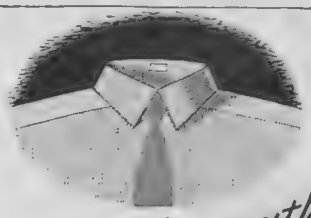

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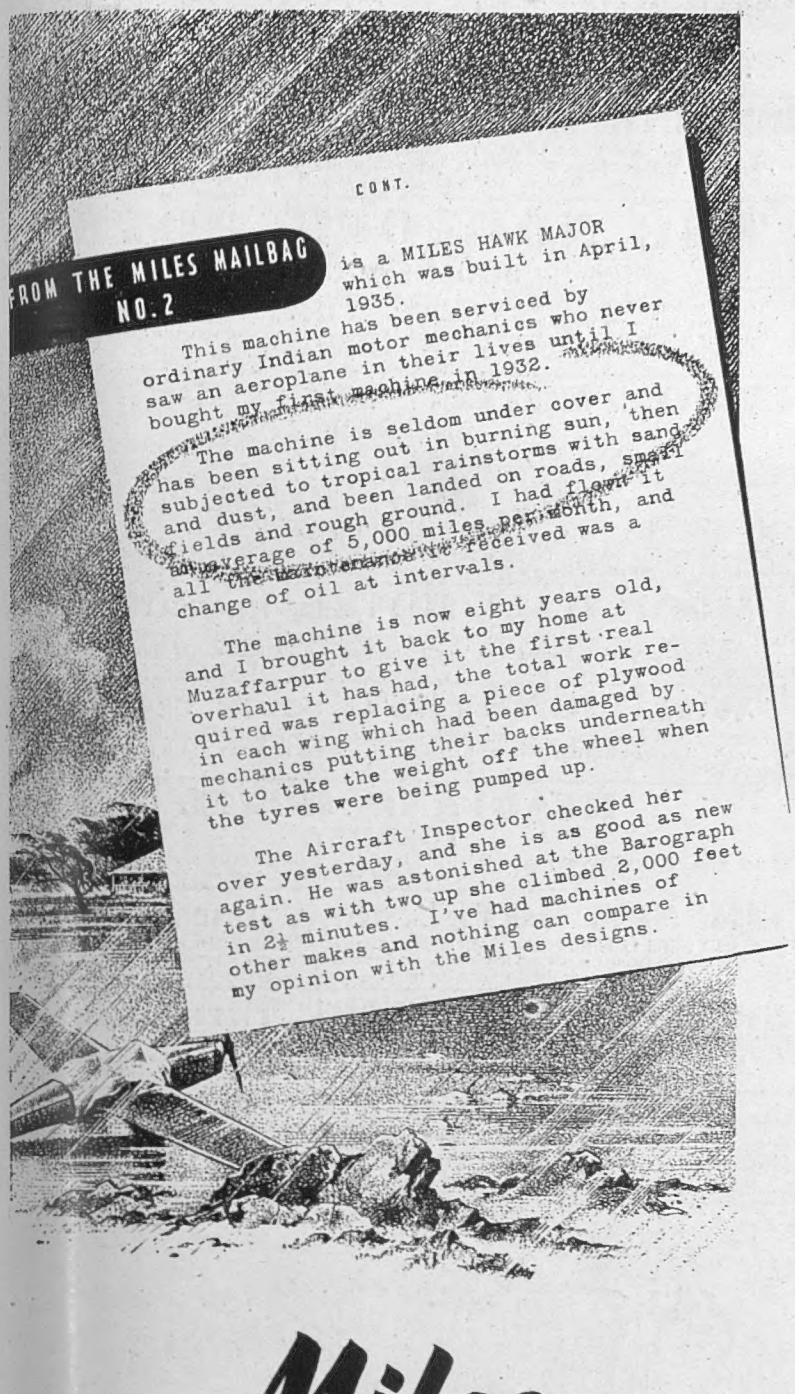

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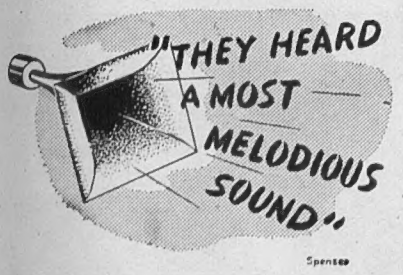

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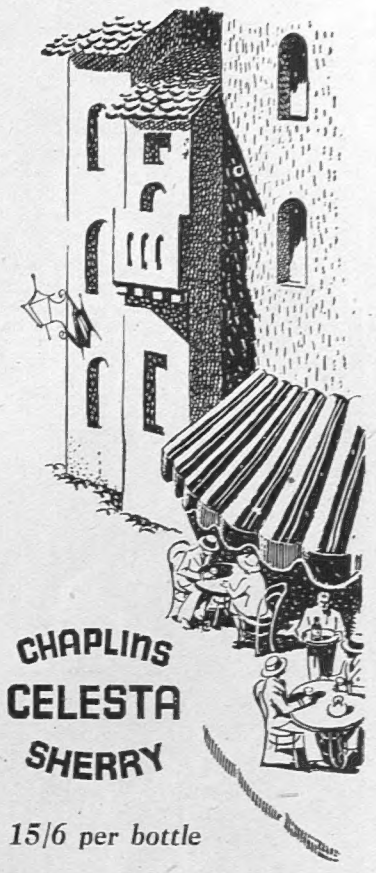

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